

A
0
0
0
6
3
3
4
6
0
1



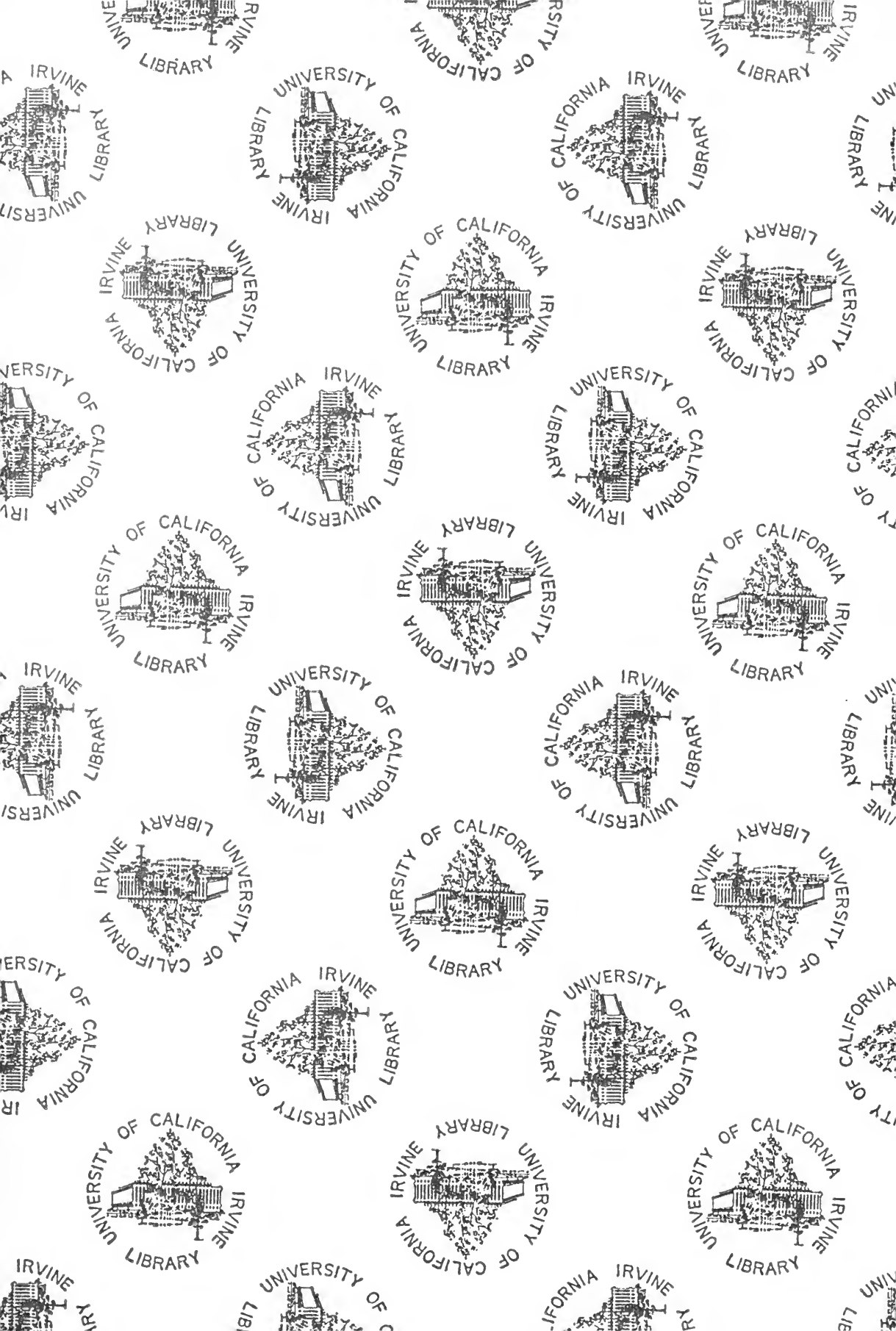
000006334601

E
78
A3
C832
1915
SRLF

UCI

fornia
nal
cy







TOTEM
LORE

OF THE
ALASKA
INDIANS



T O T E M L O R E

OF THE ALASKA INDIANS

THIRD EDITION



E
78
43
C832
1915
5R27

R E V. H. P. C O R S E R
C O P Y R I G H T E D B Y T H E A U T H O R

Published by the Ryus Drug Co., Ketchikan, Alaska



INTRODUCTION

TO THE THIRD EDITION

The earlier editions of "Totem Lore" received such a cordial welcome from tourists and others interested in Indian life that the author has been encouraged to publish a third edition.

These editions have been entirely rewritten and new chapters have been added.

The material in the Chilkat Blanket and the Thlinget Basket has been drawn by permission largely from the two large works on those subjects by Lieutenant Emmons of the United States Navy.

The frontispiece is from a painting by the late T. J. Richardson, the great Alaska artist.

Mr. Wm. Dickinson gives us an accurate description of the so-called Seattle totem.

Mr. T. J. Pennel has transcribed and furnished harmonies to several of the native folk songs.

Miss K. Pritchette has furnished two illustrations for the Indian myths, and several more illustrations from photographs have been added.

The totem features may be gleaned from the table of contents.




Table of Contents

	Page
Appendix	1
The Story of the Thlinget Indians.....	6
Totemism	11
The Legend of the Raven and Raven Totem.....	12
The Beaver Legend of Kilisnu and Kicksetti Totem	14
The Kit Legend and Totem.....	16
The Legend of the Mosquito.....	17
Intellectual Life of the Thlinget Indians.....	19
Legends of Chief Shakes' Totems.....	26
The Ko-na-ka-det.....	27
Kadashan, His Totems and Legends of His Totems	29
The Thlinget Hero, Kayak.....	29
The Eagle Legend—Tsimsian.....	33
The Legend of the Crane.....	33
The Kadashan Totems.....	35
The Legend of the Koosh-ta-ka.....	35
The Chilkat Blanket.....	38
The Thlinget Basket.....	41
Ruins of Old Indian House at Wrangell.....	44
The Story of the Kluc-nu-hu-di.....	44
The History of the Totem Pole.....	47
Sitka Totems.....	48
The Wolf.....	50
The Ketchikan Totems.....	52
Kasaan, a Haida Town.....	54
The Beaver Totem.....	56
The Last of the Fire Builders.....	56
The Indian Potlach Dance.....	57
Alaska Indian Songs.....	59-60
Wrangell Drug Co.....	61
F. Matheson Department Store.....	62
Alaska Curio Emporium.....	63
Wrangell Hotel.....	64
Ketchikan's Post Card Emporium.....	65
E. Valentine, Jeweler.....	66
Kyus Drug and Jewelry Co.....	66
St. John's Mission School.....	66



From a Painting by T. J. Richardson.

THE LAST OF THE FIRE BUILDERS

Those ancient days were great old days,
When haughty chiefs did make
Their feasts and men were brave enough
To die for honors sake.

—See "The Last of the Fire Builders," Page 54.

APPENDIX

TOURIST GUIDE FOR SOUTH EASTERN ALASKA

Ketchikan—Population about 2,000.

Industries—Two cold storage plants for fish, two large canneries, one saw mill, one herring

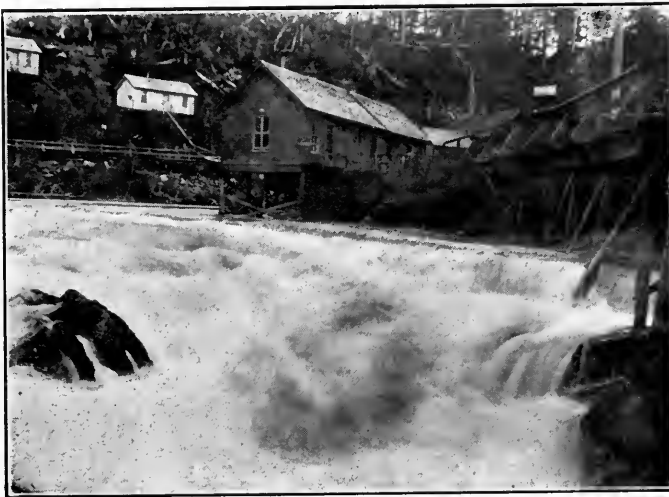
Schools—Public school with six teachers; Indian school connected with St. John's Episcopal Church.



KETCHIKAN AND TONGAS NARROWS

saltery, saw mill, two canneries. A center for shipping fresh fish, repair shops, etc.

Hospitals—The Arthur Yates Memorial connected with St. John's Episcopal Church.



FALLS IN KETCHIKAN GLEN

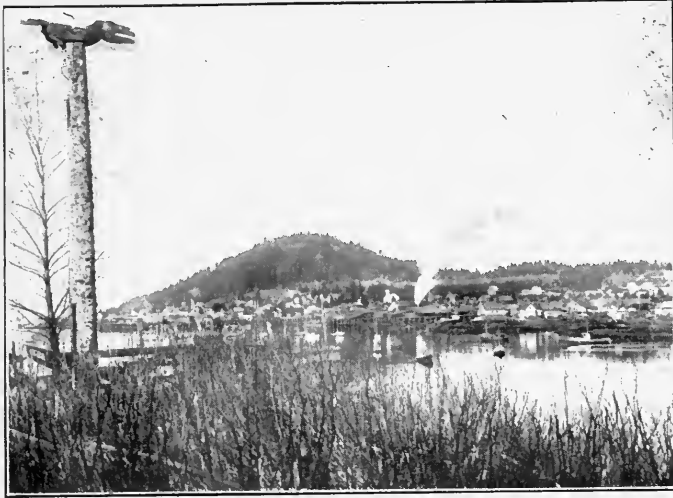
Churches—Episcopal, Methodist and Roman Catholic.

Mining—Numerous mines of gold and copper in vicinity, and also a 100-acre tract of pure white

marble awaiting development.

Interesting to Tourists—Mineral cabinet across the street from the postoffice, Kians and Johnson

Their baskets are both of the straight and twisted weave, and sell at prices from one-quarter to one-half of the price of spruce root baskets, and



WRANGELL WITH THE TI-HI-TAN TOTEM

This totem is the totem of the bark house people, a branch of the Kickuttis.

There was a family row, part moved out and lived in bark houses. Hence the name Tihitan or bark house people.

Observe the place for the bones of the cremated near the top of the pole.

totems, Ketchikan Glen and Salmon stream. The Curio stores, where valuable specimens of Indian work may be seen, and tourists are always cor-

are very practical and durable. Their baskets are useful for ladies work baskets, jardinières, market baskets, and catch all baskets. It may be



KNYG BAY AND GLACIER IN STICKINE RIVER NEAR WRANGELL

dially invited to any of them whether they expect to buy or not.

Cedar Bark Indian Baskets—Ketchikan Indian school sends out large numbers of these baskets.

said here that baskets are sold at the stores at about the same prices that they may be secured from the natives. The stores make their profit by paying for them in trade.

Between Ketchikan and Wrangell—Guard Island Light House, Hadly, a mining and saw mill town, and Lincoln Rock Sight House.

Wrangell—Population of 1,000.

Industries—Cold storage plant for fish, a co-

Catholic, and Salvation Army. Connected with the Episcopal church, there is a gymnasium.

Interesting to Tourists—Eleven standing totem poles nearly all described in this book. Chief Shakes house and Curios which is much like a



JUNEAN—THE CAPITOL

operative "mild cure" establishment for salmon, saw mill and box factory, shingle mill, shipping point for the Stickin river, and the West Coast of Prince of Wales Island.

museum. The marble altar from Alaska marble in St. Philip's Episcopal church (reached by small boats) La Conte glacier, Stickin river scenery, "Chu-gu-ran" (mill creek falls, etc.)



TREADWELL MINE "GLORY HOLE" LOOKING EAST

Schools—Public school with four teachers, a Government Indian School.

Hospitals—One private.

Churches—Presbyterian, Episcopal, Roman

In the stores, valuable totem poles, Chilkat blankets, moccasins, and Indian baskets may be secured.

Between Wrangell and Juneau, Wrangell nar-

rows, 20 miles long, Petersburg with cannery and saw mill, and with population about 500. On the main land near the north end of the narrows

Douglass and Juneau—Combined population estimated 10,000. Juneau is the capital.

Industries—Principally mining. Some of the



SKAGWAY, ALASKA

is Patterson glacier. Near Juneau is Taku glacier. Here is where the old Wolf Thlingets

largest stamp mills in the world found here.

Churches—Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian,



GREEK CHURCH AT SITKA

first lived. Windom glacier is at the left on an island.

Lutheran, Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic and Salvation Army,

Schools—Public schools and government Indian schools. Well equipped high schools are found on both sides of the channel.

Hospital—One St. Mary the Virgin, Roman Catholic.

Interesting to Tourists—The mines, and stamp mills, and also art and curio stores.

Between Juneau and Skaguay—Lynn Canal, beautiful scenery, Davidson glacier near Skaguay.

Skaguay—Population about 1,000.

Industries—Terminal of the White pass railroad.

Schools—Public schools, well equipped.

Churches—The Methodist, Episcopal and Roman Catholic.

Interesting to Tourists—The cemetery where Frank Reid, who was killed by "Soapy Smith,"

is buried. Taking the trail up the mountain to the right as you enter the town, a trip over the White Pass and Yukon. The Curio stores.

Sitka—The Old Capitol. Population about 1,000.

Industries—Saw mill and fishing.

Schools—Public school. The government Indian school, and the Industrial Indian Training School, maintained by the Presbyterian church.

Churches—The Episcopal cathedral. The Greek Catholic Cathedral with its beautiful pictures, and the Presbyterian church.

Interesting to Tourists—The Old Russian block house, the view from the old cemetery, Mount Edgcomb in the distance, the Indian merchants, Lovers Lane with its totems, the Sheldon Jackson Museum, the "Blarney stone" at the entrance of the mission grounds and the Curio and Art stores.



The Story of the Thlinget Indians



HO are the Indians that the tourists sees in his visit to Southeastern Alaska? The most casual observer notices that they are different from the Indians of the plains. Their stature, their eyes, their handiwork, their carriage, all indicate that they are more Asiatic than Indian. Their language, students tell us, belongs to a family entirely different from that of the interior Indians. In fact, their language shows no family connection with any other race or tribe.

To write their language requires the invention of a new alphabet. Apparently a third of their consonant sounds are not found in any other language. The speaking is done with the throat. Very little is accomplished by the lips and teeth. A good student of the Thlinget must learn to talk with his mouth as nearly closed as possible.

The three tribes one meets in Southeastern Alaska are the Tsimpsians, the Haidas, and the Thlingets.

The Tsimpsians were brought into Alaska by Father Duncan, of Metlakatla. In stature they are shorter and thicker set than the Indians to the north. When Father Duncan first met them they were the wildest of the wild. Today they are well advanced in civilization. In music they are wonderfully successful. Their labor is sought for in canneries and sawmills by those who are looking for reliable men. Their legends are similar to those of the Indians to the north, but their language is entirely different.

The Haida Indians are found at the southern end of the Prince of Wales Island. They are emigrants from the Queen Charlotte Islands to the south. The tourists finds their work at old Kasaan. Their totem poles are richer in figures, but the carving is not so deep as among the Thlingets. One or two of the Thlinget clans have their sacred songs in the Haida language, showing that either these clans came from the Haida, or else that Haida wives have brought to these clans their religious rites.

The tribe, however, that must interest the tourists the most is the Thlinget. These he sees at Ketchikan (Tongas people), Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Haines, Killisnoo and Sitka, and more or less at all the cannaries where their ship happens to call. Off of the regular tourist route their are Thlingets at Klawock, Kake,

Hoonah, and as far north as Yackatat, and Copper river.

The history of these Thlingets is an interesting problem in sociology. There is a similarity in legends, language and customs running through all these villages, but on the other hand there are differences which cannot be explained on the theory of any common origin.

A Thlinget, by listening to the speech of a stranger, can tell from what village he came. In an effort to learn the language, a white man who has learned the pronunciation in one village finds that when he moves to another his pronunciation has to be corrected. This explains the variations in orthography that exist when different persons have attempted to put into print the spelling of Thlinget names.

Their principal legend, that of the Raven, centers at the Nass River, and their tradition tells us that a large mass of the Thlingets came from Dall Islands which is a small island Southwest of the Prince of Wales Island, and others came from the Nass River. Those who came from Dall Island settled on "Cot" Island near Ketchikan, and after some migrations came to old Port Tongas. Some suggest that they were gradually driven north by the Tsimpsians. Back of the days in which these migrations took place their traditions are silent.

When this emigration took place is a matter for the wildest conjecture. The Indians will tell you that it all happened before the flood. To make an estimate when this happened, time must be allowed for the Kicksettis to have left their ancestral seats, to have moved northward to "Kicks" Bay (near Loring), where they appear to have built a village, to have become tired of that village, to have moved northward to the Stikine River, to have lived long enough near the head of navigation of the Stikine River to have there developed additional mythology in connection with their family, to have come back from the mouth of the river, and to have lived at least for twelve generations, before the present time is reached. Is it too much to say that a thousand years have elapsed since the migrations first began?

Those who left first had the raven as the emblem of their phratry. When they came north it is evident that the country was not uninhabited. There is the tradition of a village north of the Stikine River that was blotted out by a

great landslide, only a few surviving. Those principally went to Sitka.

There is a tradition of a time in which the great glacier extended across the Stikine River, that the river ran under the glacier and that some venturesome old men went under the glacier and came back and reported a good country beyond. A portion of these people went under the glacier and settled at Kake.

The story is told that fourteen generations ago a branch of the Tongas people migrated to the west coast of the Prince of Wales Island and

It will be noticed further that the wolf legend dates back to a very primitive condition of society, where the man leaves his own home and goes to dwell in the home of his wife. It is sometimes charged that the old-time modern Indian buys his wife. The gifts given to the father were only in lieu of not being compelled to go to the home of his wife and to there serve for her.

All that has been given thus far dates back to conditions as they were in the first twilight of Thlinget history. What were some of the later migrations?



BIG GLACIER STIKINE

Opposite this glacier is a hot spring. The Kit and the Raven had a contest to see who could stay in the longer. The Raven flew over to this glacier and took a chunk of ice in its mouth, and that enabled it to stay in the longer. This glacier has receded a mile in the last thirty years.

found there the Tucina, or coast people, dwelling in inverted V-shaped houses.

The largest stock of the primitive people appear to have centered near the mouth of the Taku River. The best authorities, like Lieutenant Emmons, claim that they came from the interior down the Taku River. There are traditions which say that they came originally from the mouth of the Nass River; but these traditions are not so well supported as the former. The legends of the Tanu people are like those of the wolf—are of a wilder, fiercer nature than those of the southern Indians—and they must have been born in a different intellectual atmosphere.

A girl belonging to a noted family of the Klawock people became so insane that she made a pet of an earthworm. To cover their shame, the whole family moved away and settled at Chilkat. They were the first to keep their fish in an ice-house, and from that they took their name, "Chilkat."

The family names in Yackatat indicate that the people were emigrants from old Tongas.

After the Kicksetti people had gone up the Stikine River, two families migrated southward from the Taku people. One family was asked where they camped, and they replied "At the Signa" (meaning grind-stone rock), and the others replied "Nan-yan-yi" (meaning beyond). So the

first family were called the Signahudi and the latter Nan-yan-yi. The Nan-yan-yi soon became the leading family among the Stikine people.

After the Nan-yan-yi had located themselves on the stikine River, numerous other clans joined themselves to those already there, until every

The Stikine people finally moved back to the mouth of the Stikine River, and built their first resting place on Brush Island. They evidently did not stay there long. Brush Island is swept by heavy winds from the interior as they violently rush down through the Stikine gorge. They



Published by permission of J. E. Worden.

**TOTEMS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE PLACE WHERE THE
FIRST HOUSE IN OLD WRANGELL STOOD**

large tributary was claimed by some clan. On one or two of the mountains old cairns are found whose existence was unknown to the oldest Indians. There is one on Cone Mountain, about sixty miles up the river, which the legend says was put up at the time of the flood when the grizzly bear led them up to the summit for safety.

moved from there to the mainland and had their homes scattered along from what is now known as Girard Point to Mill Creek. Mill Creek was the principal town seat. It was called Chu-gas-an, or waterfall town.

The writer will here go into a more complete history of the Wrangell, or Stikine, Indians, not

because these Indians were more important than the others, but because the history of their village is typical of all the different primitive villages. It will give the reader a glance at the social life of those early days.

At Che-gas-an two chiefs succeeded each other. Two brothers, Ko-shu and Shaddesty, were leaders of the Nan-yan-yi. The eldest, Ko-shu was married to a Haida woman. He had a son who quarreled with his young uncle, Shaddesty, and cut his face. Ko-shu offered to settle for his son's misdemeanor by paying twenty slaves. The Wrangell people were very rich. Their hunting ground was rich in game, and tribes like the Haida would war with the southern tribes, capture slaves, bring them north and trade with the Wrangell people for furs.

Shaddesty refused the twenty slaves and demanded his uncle's grizzly bear dancing hat. This Ko-shu refused, and, to keep peace, moved out, took his family, slaves and all his belongings, and sought a location for a new town.

He traveled around Wrangell Island until he came to a place about twenty miles below the present site of Wrangell, and there found a cluster of trees similar to those along the Stikine River. This was considered a good omen. He decided to stop there and build, and so, seven generations ago, the first house in Kots-lit-an, now known as old Wrangell, was built.

A noted carver belonging to the Eagle clan of Chilkat was hired to furnish the decorative work. When everything was ready a great feast was held, and twenty slaves were sacrificed to do what was known as clearing the place. Soon after, all the Stikine people followed. More popular trees were cut down and other large communal houses were erected, and another great feast was held, in which two hundred slaves were sacrificed to clear the place. It was the popular trees that gave the town its name. The word Kots-lit means popular tree town.

Soon after Ko-shu died, a great feast was given to provide for him royal attendance in the next world. His head was preserved in a beautifully carved box and his body was cremated. The theory of cremation was that the man who was cremated passed his eternity near a warm fire, while the person who was not was continually, through eternity, anxious to get near fire, but unable.

The tribe was matronymic. Ko-shu's sister's son inherited his uncle's place. The town prospered. The people grew rich. Slaves became as numerous as in the days of old Rome, when they were sold at a dollar each. The town grew

until upwards of a hundred communal houses were built. In an evil day some Tsimpsons came up to trade. The box that contained the head of Ko-shu disappeared, and it was charged that the Tsimpsons had stolen it. The next year, when the Tsimpsons came up to trade, some were captured and made slaves. Of course, this meant war. The Nan-yan-yi had a great Indian doctor who possessed the spirit of the grindstone, who told them to prepare for a great war. The next spring the people of the village, instead of separating, kept together. They were all at the mouth of the Stikine when the Tsimpsonian hosts came to meet them.

Their canoes advanced side by side and seemed to the Wrangell people to stretch out for miles. The conflict was short and decisive. The Tsimpsons were completely defeated. Large numbers of their canoes were broken up and all were captured and some of the chief men were made slaves, and the rest returned home. Among the canoes captured was the "Kit." Up to this time the tribe had not yet the right to have the "Kit" or whale-killer painted upon their canoe. The right to use certain symbols was looked upon as among the most valuable possessions. It not only gave dignity and honor, but it also pleased the spirits to see these symbols, and it brought good luck to those who had the right to use them.

The next year peace was made, and in the treaty the chief obtained the right to use the "Kit" and also the right to assume the name of Shakes. Shakes is a Tsimpsonian word and means the splasher of the whale. This Shakes had a nephew, Koshu, who succeeded him. Koshu's reign was short. He died of smallpox and Ka-Shishk, his brother, reigned in his stead. This Shakes tried to be a true father to his people. One night he disguised himself as kings are wont to do and went around to hear what the people had to say. He heard them complain about the hard times that had come through the wars of their chief. No one dared to be alone. Enemies were continually skulking about, seeking revenge.

The chief took pity on his people and gave them a party and took them up the Stikine River. On his return a tree fell on him and killed him. A great feast was given for him and many slaves were sacrificed. His nephew reigned in his stead.

This Shakes was the first Wrangell Indian to see a whiteman. Captain Haines was the first to call. His account of the visit to Wrangell would indicate that in those days there were seven or eight times as many people in old Wrangell as in modern Wrangell.

Soon after, Baron Wrangell established a fort on the present site of Wrangell. Nothing is left of it today but some stumps a few inches high of the old stockade. The Shakes' people were anxious to make friends with and be under the protection of this new power. So they moved up and built their homes on an island (at high tide) near to the old Russian fort.

The history of the Indians since the days of the Russian occupation is so interwoven with that of the white people, that it is practically a part of it. The old petty wars have gradually fallen into desuetude. One, however, happened soon after the white man came. It was between the Sitka and the Wrangell people. There was

While the Wrangell people were there in one house, the Sitkas fell on them and slaughtered them. The Wrangell people vowed vengeance. All the leading men set out for Victoria to secure firearms. On their way they were overtaken by small-pox and many of them died. This was looked upon as a judgment of God, bidding them to stop their quarrel. But even to this day, though these events happened three or four generations ago, there is a strong aversion existing between the people of the two villages.

The early legends tell of a time when a man went to live in the home of his wife. This custom was replaced by the man praying the father for the privilege of bringing his wife to his own



Permission of J. E. Worden.

THE KIT CANOE

This canoe is the war canoe of the Shakes family. The right to use the symbol of the Kit was secured over a hundred years ago in a war with the Tsimpsians.

a Helen at the beginning of the trouble. A Sitka Indian was married to a Wrangell woman. A Wrangell Indian stole her away. The Sitka Indian killed him. The clansmen of the Wrangell Indian organized for vengeance and killed the clansmen of the Sitka Indian. The clansmen of the Wrangell Indian, through the assistance of the Shakes' people, procured firearms and fortified themselves on a small island near Wrangell, and succeeded in repelling the attack of the Sitka people.

Next, all the Sitka came down to attack the Wrangell people and were defeated. A peace was declared, but the Sitka were not satisfied with the terms of the treaty. They held a big potlatch and invited some Wrangell people.

home. Today, among the Indians in most every instance, it is a Christian marriage.

The laws of inheritance kept property within the clan. It went to the sister's son. A man's children were no relation to him. They belonged to his wife's clan. There is today a conflict between the Indians' and the white man's law of inheritance. Much trouble has been caused on account of the uncertainty. The courts, of course, insist on the white man's laws, and the old Indians oppose them. There should be legislation which would define the legal status of the Indian. Today, under the law, they are neither white nor Indian. They are literally men without a country.

In spite, however, of all difficulties, the Indians

are advancing. The oldest Indians have literally come up from the stone age, and when one considers this is it surprising that many have

failed to learn the whole lesson of civilization. What many have learned, however, is a miracle of modern missions.

Totemism



HE word "Totem" is derived from the Chippewa "Oboteman." Among primitive people, everywhere each family had, as it supposed, its primitive guardian spirit.

This spirit was only concerned with the blood relations of the family on its mothers side.

This idea was common among nearly all the American Indians. It was strange to say also found among the Egyptians. Each Egyptian canton had its totem.

Among the Alaska Indians, the spirit was usually the spirit of some bird, beast or even of an inanimate object like a grind stone rock, or mountain. Yet it was not the spirit of something that we see today, but it was the spirit of some anti-diluvian animal which was different from the animals of the present day, or of some object that existed in the pre-historic ages.

The family which had a member that in some way got in touch with one of these spirits was considered fortunate even though the incident itself was more or less discreditable.

When a man who had had the help of one of the spirits died, the members of the same clan would begin to fast, and it was expected that the one who fasted the most conscientiously would get the help of the Totem spirit and would be the next Indian doctor for that family or clan.

The Totem pole often contains a picture of some incident of the story which grew up to explain how the first Indian doctor obtained the

help of the spirit power. The pole stands as a coat of arms of the family.

It may be placed before a house to show who lived in the house, or it might contain the bones of the departed. And thus show, whose bones were there preserved.

It also is sometimes erected as a memorial of some great potlatch feast given by the family that erected the pole.

It would take from one to three years to carve a pole. One man would work with two or three helpers. An ordinary pole would cost from four hundred to twelve hundred dollars. The more it cost the more beautiful it was supposed to be. Totem poles were usually carved from yellow cedar.

The origin of the Totem pole idea is lost in the mythical past. Some have taken it as an evidence that the coast tribes are Asiatic in origin. Some of the Asiatic Islands have Totems very similar. This thing however is contradicted by a legend that the first Totem pole floated ashore, and that the native copied that, and then elaborated the idea.

Totem poles were always first painted. Where there is no paint, that is an evidence of age.

In reading poles always begin at the top and read downward. Usually it is the crest of the family that is at the top, but not always. At the erection of a pole, a feast was given, and there the workers were paid. Ropes made from the bark of the red cedar, were used in the erection of the pole. Further facts about the poles will be gleaned as one pole after another is studied.



The Legend of the Raven and Raven Totem



HERE was a time in which the world was peopled by beings similar to those which inhabited the ancient Babylonian chaos. These beings were not men, and neither were they animals.

There was darkness then on the surface of the earth. The Creator, the Great Raven, lived at the head of the Nass River and selfishly kept the sun and moon hidden from mortals. The modern legends say that they were concealed in boxes. The older legends speak of three bags, one containing the stars, one the moon and the third the sun.

One of the mortals determined to get this light for men. So he became a needle of the hemlock tree growing over a pool of water where the daughter of the Creator was accustomed to dring. She drinks the needle with the water, and so the young fellow is born again. As a cunning child, he pleases the Creator. He manages to get the bag of stars to play with. He throws them into the sky and they remain there. But this did not give the light that he wanted. Next he throws the moon, and he is still dissatisfied. Next he cries for the sun. The grandfather reluctantly gives him that to play with. He rolls it along the floor and then throws is up into the sky.

When he realizes what he has done, he is afraid and leaves his ancestral home. The mortals also are frightened by the light. Some jump into the sea and become the fishes. Others take to the mountains and become the wild animals.

The Raven then hears of a spring of fresh water on Dall Island, an island west of the Prince of Wales, out in the Pacific Ocean. Up to this time there had been no fresh water, aside from what was on Dall Island. This spring was presided over by an old man, Ganook, who would not allow even the Raven to have any of it. Ganook is usually represented on totems as a head of what might be a cross between a raven and a goat.

While Ganook was sleeping the Raven played a trick on him, so that he had to go down to salt water for a plunge. While Ganook was away the Raven rushed to the spring and drank all the fresh water that he could and returned

to the house. Just then Ganook appeared at the door. The Raven took fright and flew up through the opening in the middle of the room over the fire. Ganook, through the help of the spirits of such openings, held him there in the smoke until he was covered with soot. After the Raven escaped he tried to wipe off the soot, but was unable so to do, and so ever afterward he was black.

The Raven then began to fly over the land. Wherever he dropped plenty of water that became a river, and when he dropped a little each drop became a salmon creek.

The Raven began to try to make man. He tried the stones. These made men that were slow. He threw them down in great disgust. Then he tried making men out of the leaves of the trees. These men suited him and he let them live. The Haida legend differs from the Thlinget in that the Raven found man in a clam shell. The Thlinget legend has a similarity to the legends of the interior Indians. It has been stated on good authority that the legend of the leaves of the trees extends as far east as among the Indians of the New England states. The Athabaskan Indians, however, make the jaybird the hero of the legend rather than the raven.

But leaves fade in autumn, drop away and die; and, therefore, men had to die, and in consequence all their old religious services were services for the dead. These services were conducted at the potlatch feast. Food eaten there or food burned there was given to the dead. At the time of the burning of the food, the name of the chief and of his retainers was called out, and this was a summons to the spirits to come and partake of the food.

If no blankets were given away in a potlatch feast, then the dead would be cold and hungry in the next world. He who had a big feast given in his honor in this world would have a royal place in the next world. It was, therefore, considered as the greatest act of piety for a person to help the dead in the next world. The living might be neglected, but the dead, never.

The Raven, after he had created man, went about to teach men how to live. He taught them how to make war, different arts, and the season for the potlatch. The Raven in his conduct toward the animals appears more in the light of a

trickster. This is so much so that all words meaning tricks, cunning and the like have the Raven as their root word.

At the time of the flood the Raven, with his mother in his arms, flew up to the sky and stuck his bill in the sky and remained there until the flood subsided. This is given as the reason why

THE RAVEN TOTEM

The totem is surmounted by the Raven Creator. On the older poles he is represented as a man. The hat is supposed to be a copy of one that the young Raven saw in the Creator's house.

The box is a chief's box, supposed to have spiritual power, and was used in potlatch feasts.



THE RAVEN TOTEM

the Raven's beak is bent. There is another legend, however, which explains the same phenomenon by saying that the Raven once disguised himself as a fish and that a fisherman caught him and pulled off his nose. Afterwards by a trick he found out where the nose was and by another trick secured it and put it back on again, but did not get it on straight.

After the flood the Raven disappears from history.

Below is the young Raven, the Creator of man. He is represented as a raven with a man between the wings. This is to show that he could become a raven or man at will.

Below is the daughter of the Creator and the mother of the young Raven.

The lowest figure of all is Hi-yi-shon-a-gu, the Indian Atlas, who holds up the earth.

Hi-yi-shon-a-gu was the first mother of the Raven before his reincarnation.

The Beaver Legend of Kilisnu and Kicksetti Totem

THE BEAVER LEGEND OF KILISNU

A great chief kept a very intelligent beaver as a pet. He paid so much attention to it that the rest of the tribe became very jealous of it, and they teased it most unmercifully. The beaver appealed to the chief for protection, but he refused to grant it. This enraged the beaver, who went out into the pool of water and began to dig

hand, and with the spear showing the mark of his teeth where he had been gnawing. The beaver took the spear and hid it in the hollow of a tree standing nearby. Some hunters shortly afterwards discovered the shaving made by the beaver as he gnawed away on the salmon spear, and traced them to the hollow tree, and there, of course, they discovered the spear.



THE KICKSETTI TOTEM AND SUN HOUSE

under the village. While he was doing this he was a giant, but, outside, he was nothing but a beaver.

One day he went out into the woods and made a salmon spear. The beaver is usually represented on totem poles as having this spear in his

The spear was in such an unusual place that the hunters judged that there was something uncanny about it, and they brought it to the house of the chief. The people were much excited by the finding of the spear and they all thronged to the chief's house, curious to find out about it,

The chief in turn asked each one of his tribesmen about the spear, if he had made it; and one after another replied that he had not.

The beaver kept saying "I made it," and at this all the tribesmen began to hiss and laugh. The chief even lost his patience and chided the beaver for saying such a foolish thing, and said to the beaver, "You lie when you say you made that spear." At this the beaver said, "I will prove to you that I am strong enough to handle it," and then he took the spear and thrust it at the chief. It entered his breast and killed him. Then quickly the beaver thrust it at others who were trying to prevent his escape and killed them and rushed out into the pool, where he was accustomed to live, and went into the chambers that he had made under the village, and pulled out the part of the foundation that was still left and the village fell. As a consequence, the survivors took the beaver as their totem.

This story illustrates what made a family aristocratic. It was not the wealth of the family, or any special power it might exercise in war. It was whether anything uncanny or mysterious had happened to it. Had some mysterious power taken part in its history. If so, the family was aristocratic, and had a right to the use of a totem.

THE KICKSETTI TOTEM

The Kicksetti people derived their name from Kicks Bay, where they first stopped in their mi-

grations north from the mouth of the Nass River to the Stikine River.

The pole is surmounted with a face which represents a mountain. It is here noticed eyes and faces are very liberally sprinkled over works of art of the north coast Pacific Indians. Their use is to show that some special intelligence or spiritual power was lodged there. This mountain was the camping place on the Stikine River, where the legends of the tribe were supposed to take place.

Below is the frog, the emblem of the tribe. One of the chiefs did some mischief to the frog. In consequence, he appears to have fallen into a trance. When he came out of his trance he said that he had been in the underworld and had been taught by the frogs to treat them better, because they were brothers.

Below is the old Raven, the Creator, talking to the young Raven that made man. The lowest figure of all is the Kilisnoo beaver. The father belonged to the beaver family and the mother belonged to the frog family.

The Thlinget Indians were matronymic. The children always belonged to the mothers family.

The house has the symbol of the sun. The story is that a branch of the family descended from a nephew who was not liked by his uncle, so he wandered away from home and there had a dream that if he would build a house with a round opening, high up in front, it would bring him good luck.



The Kit Legend and Totem

A man was marooned on an island by some bad brothers. While wandering over the island he came to a place where there was a door. He rapped and the door was opened and he was

They agreed, and he healed him. The chief then told him to carve two fish out of cedar and place them in the water. "You get on their backs. If, while there, you think only of your



THE KIT TOTEM

The opening in the back was where the bones and ashes of the cremated were kept. To the right and back of the Kit Totem is the Tihitan Totem, or totem of the bark-house people. There was once trouble in the Kicksetti family. Part moved out and lived in a bark house, and hence the name Tihitan, or bark-house people.

bidden to enter. He was now among the seals. Their chief was lying down, very sick, having been wounded with an arrow. They asked him to heal the chief. He said to the seals: "I will heal your chief if you will provide a way for me to return to my home and family."

family, they will take you to them; but, if, while there, you think of your bad brothers and of revenge, they will bring you back."

The man did just as he was told and found that everything happened just as the seals had prophesied, for when he was part way home he

began to think about his bad brother and the fish turned to bring him back. He finally reached his home. Then the fish killed the bad brothers, and so their maker was revenged. After this they were told not to kill any more men—they were only to kill whales. Hence ever since they have been called "whale-killers."

The totem of the Kit, or whale-killer, is highly prized among the Thlingets, because it is such a strong and brave fish in that it is able to kill whales.

Note:—This island was named by the Indians Nar-Zeel-Naun and on the charts it is called Duke Island.

The Legend of the Mosquito

There were giants in the land. One of these giants Kos-sa-ka was a noted man-eater. His great delight was to kill and eat them. To drink their blood was to him like drinking old wine. It made him feel that he was very rich.

Also, in those days, there was a young man who made a business of killing giants. "Count that day lost in which I don't kill a giant," was the principle of his life. So he determined to kill this man-eating giant.

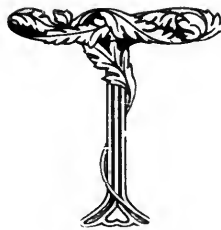
One day he stole into the giant's house and hid himself under some blankets. But the giant found him. The giant said: "I'll kill him and eat him and drink his blood." And he went out to get his knife. This giant had often been shot

at, but the arrows had bounded off. That was what made the giant so dangerous.

Soon the son of the giant came in and the boy jumped up and pointed his arrow at the son of the giant and said: "Tell me how I can kill your father, or I will kill you." The boy replied: "Shoot him on his instep. His heart is there..

The giant soon came in, and our hero pointed an arrow at his foot and shot him. The dying giant said: "Though you burn me, I'll bite you."

Our hero burned the giant's body and threw the ashes up into the air, and said. "Bite me, will you?" Each particle of ashes became a mosquito, and so the giant has been biting man ever since.





THE CHIEF OF THE FIRE SPIRITS DREW HER UP AND MARRIED HER

Intellectual Life of the Thlinget Indians



OUR museums have done splendid work in picturing the life of the primitive Indian before he came in contact with the white man. The scenes in their display cases, the realistic wax figures, their arrangement, and the paintings in the background leave nothing to be desired to create the illustration that are actually back in the old days among the primitive people. But as one visits these museums the questions arise: What did these people talk about? How did they think? What, in brief, was their intellectual atmosphere?

It will be the endeavor in this narrative to create anew the intellectual atmosphere of the Alaska Thlinget Indians, to show what they thought and talked about in those old days.

Let the reader imagine himself to arrive in a canoe at one of the low, square hunting houses found here and there along the shores of the thousand channels between the many islands of southeastern Alaska. Let the time be early in March. The cold weather has held on a little longer than usual. Just as you land an Indian, stealthily paddling along the shore, comes into view. He lands near where you have landed.

By chance you know his language and he knows something of yours. As you begin to talk with him he replies in short, expressive sentences. This leads you to believe that, naturally, he is a man of very few words. A better acquaintance with him will show that your first impressions were wrong. The brevity was due partially to the fact that he understood your language imperfectly, and consequently was more or less embarrassed in your presence.

You notice that the canoe that he pulls up on the beach is painted black. You ask the reason. In reply, he gives you a picture of society which is literally without law. Every man was expected to look out for himself. If one even by an accident killed another, that had to be atoned for either by payment of blankets or else by the death of the man who did the killing or of one of his clansmen.

But there was no power to compel this, and if the clan that did the injury did not care to settle, the members of the injured clan claimed the right to get even the best way that they

could. This was usually by means of assassination. The injured clansmen would lie in wait for those who had not or would not pay these supposed debts and try to kill them. The consequence was an Indian would paint his canoe black, so that he could paddle along the shore unobserved by his enemies; and at night he did not dare to sleep by his campfire, but after his evening meal was cooked would take his blanket and creep off into the brush where he could sleep without fear of assassination. Many of the houses had underground passageways, whither the occupants of a house could flee in the event that the house was taken by an enemy.

The first feature of their intellectual life was necessitated by this condition of continual warfare. It taught them to be watchful and alert, and at the same time suspicious.

With the Indian are three boys, one of eighteen, one of fourteen, and the third scarcely twelve. The appearance of these boys suggested that the man was not their father. The resemblance between them and the man was very slight and the boys were treated differently from what you would expect sons to be treated. This causes you to ask one of the boys if the man is his father. The reply comes back, "No, he is our uncle."

It was customary, you find on questioning the uncle, for boys to leave their home at about twelve years of age and live with their mother's brother. It was to the mother's clan that the boy belonged, and so the boy went to his mother's brother to be educated.

The education was very practical. The boys were taught how to make traps for the fishing, how to hunt, and also trap the game.

This comprised more than might be ordinarily supposed. Each boy was expected to learn the story of Kayak, the hero hunter, who did so much to free the world from monsters, and who also taught the people how to make carved halibut hooks, carved salmon spears and carved traps for catching game. He taught just how to carve so that some spiritual power would come and inhabit the hook or trap, and thus make it more effective to attract the game to it. Wood carving, therefore, was a part of the boy's education, and he was taught to carve his figures in a prescribed way, so that there would be no doubt

about the coming of the spiritual power to inhabit the image that he had made.

But the training that the youth received in hunting and fishing was by no means confined to matters of superstition. He received all kinds of training in hunting and fishing. The manner of making traps for both large and small game was taught, as also the manufacture of contrivances for the catching of fish.

In our digression, we left the uncle and his three nephews unloading a canoe. Let us return to them. The youngest of the three, having lately come to his uncle, lags behind the others in doing his share of the work. The uncle urges him on and with a wink and smile to the older

cold sea-water. The older boys follow. Out they come and begin to whip each other with the hemlock boughs which they had prepared. The youngest comes out whimpering, and he specially gets the lashing. Then all three boys put on their clothes and hurry to the house.

The uncle turns to you and says, "That makes them strong."

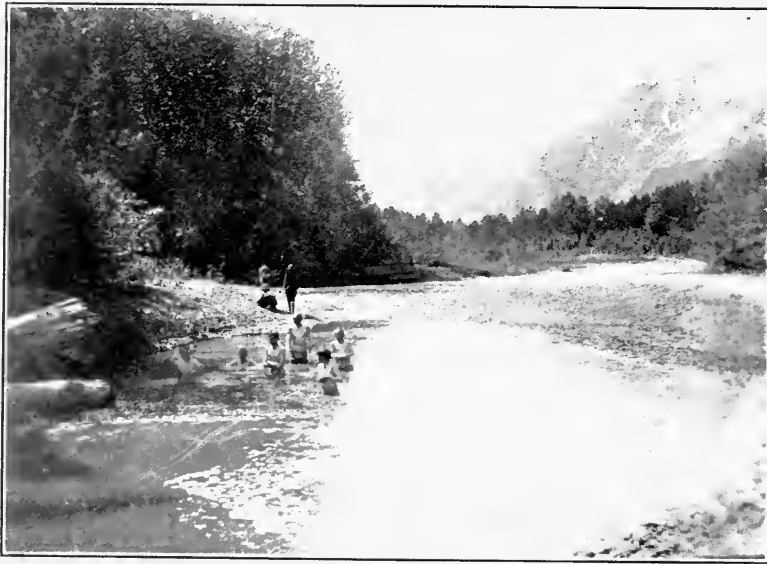
You ask, "How?"

He replies: "A long time ago, a very strong man, Ductut—"

"Who was Ductut?" you ask.

"Pretty soon I eat, and then I tell you," he replies.

It is along toward evening, and they all go



BOY SCOUTS BATHING NEAR BIG GLACIER, STICKINE

brothers, says, "We must make your brother strong. He is too weak."

Your curiosity is aroused, and you watch further proceeding very closely. The skins that are taken out of the canoe are handed to the mother and daughters, who have come to get them. They take them to the house, to dry and to prepare them for use.

After the canoe is unloaded the uncle and nephews go to a place along the bay where the beach is sandy. The uncle then commands, "Nephews, swim." To you it does not look possible for a swim. There is ice in the bay and you wonder what he means.

The older boys immediately prepare for a bath. The youngest does not move. The uncle quickly picks him up and in spite of his tears and cries, pulls off his clothes and throws him into the

to the house. The meal is being served. It consists of smoked salmon, very dry and hard, and of seaweed. Some is passed to you and you try to eat. At first it seems impossible. The food is hard and tough like sole leather.

You look at them and find the whole family devoting their whole attention to eating, and how they eat! It would have delighted the eyes of a most devout Fletcherite to have watched them. Each mouthful of food was masticated at least four hundred times before it was swallowed.

The meal is over. There are no dishes to do. The remnants are thrown into the fire and consumed. Then for a time they all gather around the fire and sit in mute silence.

Then you ask again, "Who was this strong man, Ductut?"

So comes the reply: "A great chief wanted to kill the sea lions. His name was Katlwait. There were no guns in those days, and so the chief had to kill the sea lions by hand. He had to get very strong. He went to an Indian doctor and said, 'How shall I get strong?' Then the Indian doctor acted all same dead. His spirit went away from him. It came back and he said, 'Katlwait, you and all your people, in winter time every morning go and bathe in sea water, and you will get the strength.'

"How shall we know when we are strong enough to kill the sea lions?" asked Katlwait.

"The Indian doctor said, 'See the limb of that tree. Pull it out. See that tree about as large as your hand; twist its trunk and you will be strong enough to kill the sea lions.'

"Then all the people went to bathe every morning, and then they would try to pull the limb out and twist the trunk of the tree, but no one was able.

"The chief had a nephew. His name was Darkurchie. He would not go and bathe when the rest did. He said, 'It is too cold.'

"Katlwait, very mad, said to his wives (he had two), 'Don't give Darkurchie anything to eat,' and told him, 'Stay with the women,' and all the people laughed at him.

"The younger wife saved some food for him and gave him to eat.

By night Darkurchie, when every one slept, would go out and when he had bathed would return, and put a blanket over his head and then lean over the fire to dry and warm himself. The soot blackened his face.

"The chief next morning saw it, and cried out, 'Our girl man has a dirty face. We will call him Ductut after this,' and they all laughed and called him Ductut, or Dirty Face.

"But Ductut, he smart. He said nothing. He just kept on bathing. One night when he was in bathing a man came to him, and wrestled with him. It was hard fought. At last the man threw him.

"Then the man said, 'Darkurchie, you do good work. Keep on bathing. Pretty soon you throw me. I am the East Wind. When you throw me you will be strong enough to kill the sea lions.'

"Pretty soon the East Wind came again. Darkurchie threw him. Then the East Wind said, 'You will do. Pull the knot out of the tree and twist the trunk of the young tree. That night, he pulled the knot out and put it back again, and twisted the trunk of the young tree and then untwisted it so it would not look as though it had been touched.

"Next morning Katlwait went into the cold water and then ran to the tree. He pulled the knot out just as easy as could be, and twisted the trunk of the young tree just as easy because all this had been done before. He praised himself because he was so strong, but he was not. He just fooled himself. Then all the people took the big canoe and went with Katlwait to kill the sea lions.

"Darkurchie went, too. They came to the place where the sea lions were. Katlwait leaped out of the canoe, and ran to meet the sea lions. The sea lions broke his head on a rock.

"Then Darkurchie made a speech and told how he had pulled the knot out of the tree and twisted the trunk of the young tree, and then he leaped out and ran to the sea lions. He killed them one by one, taking hold of their tails, tearing them into two pieces.

"Then darkurchie became a big chief and very rich.

"So always we have our boys bathe every winter in cold water to make them strong."

As soon as the native had finished his story, you looked around, and noticed the oldest of the boys holding up his arm and feeling of his muscle and noddling his head as if to say: 'That is right. I have tried it and I know that it is true.'

The story of Darkurchie has been dwelt upon at length because it occupies such a prominent place in the minds of the old Indians. That plunge into ice-cold water was one of the earliest recollections of his childhood. If big game were secured it had to be secured in a hand-to-hand contest. If he succeeded in defending himself from his enemies, it was because he had personal strength. Little else was really of any worth. They had their orators and dancers, but these usually were not of the higher caste. To be a good fighter was the proper ambition of the young man of the higher caste. All of his training had for its purpose to make him strong and a good fighter, consequently on many totem poles there is a carved figure of a man tearing a sea lion. The purpose of this is to illustrate the story of Darkurchie, and also to teach the youth the great virtue of doing everything possible to acquire physical strength.

After one story is told others follow in rapid succession.

One appears to be a warning to the practical joker.

"One time the beaver and porcupine were great friends. The porcupine oftentimes visited the

beaver, and protected his home so that it would not be destroyed. One day the beaver wished to go to the porcupine's house. The porcupine said, 'Get on my back and I will carry you.' The porcupine then ran up a tree and left the beaver there. The beaver kept crying, 'Come and get me down,' but the porcupine made believe that he did not hear. Finally the squirrel came along and helped the beaver down.

"Next day the porcupine said to the beaver, 'Take me to your house.' The beaver answered, 'All right, get on my back,' and when it did the beaver ran to a lake and swam to an island and left the porcupine there.

"The porcupine then began to sing a song, 'Let it be frozen so that I can cross to wolverine man's land.' The lake was then frozen over and the porcupine escaped. After that the beaver and the porcupine ceased to be friends."

Another version of this story makes the beaver climb down out of the tree himself, which gave the ragged appearance to the bark of some trees.

After the telling of this story one of the boys remarked that he was glad that they were not compelled to sleep in the brush that night as they did the night before. Another of the boys replied to this, wishing all kinds of vengeance upon their enemies, who were continually trying to kill them.

At this the uncle spoke up and said: "Stop, my nephew, you must not speak so harshly of your enemies. Remember the story of the man that entertained the bears."

"What is that?" exclaimed the youngest.

"Once upon a time," the uncle replied, "a man was feeling very lonely because he had lost all of his relations. He first thought that he would leave and go and live in some other country. Then he said, 'I cannot do that, because I would be taken as a wizard if I went alone to some other country.'"

"Then he made up his mind to go out near a salmon stream and wait there until some bears that were wont to go that way should destroy him.

"When the bears came he was very much frightened. He did not wish to be torn to pieces, and so he spoke very nicely to them and invited them to a feast.

"The next day they came to his house and he served them with all kinds of good things to eat. The bears after that were very kind to that man and brought him all sorts of good luck.

"From that we learn, my nephew, to speak well of our enemies. Sometimes we conquer them that way."

Then the chief turned to the visitor and said, "My nephews are among the dog eaters."

"What is that?" you ask.

The uncle replied: "A long time ago a chief's son was very smart and became a great hunter. One time he was out hunting and he fell from the top of a mountain, and for a long time he was just like one dead.

"Soon he woke up, and he was surrounded by a circle of men and each one had a circle of light around him, and they asked what kind of a spirit he would have—the spirit of a wolf or a raven. He replied, 'The spirit of a wolf.'

"Then he began to dance, while all the spirits of the mountains sang and kept time for him. The words of their songs were, 'He steps upon the high places of the earth.'

"This young man went forth and began to start secret societies. One of them was the 'Dog Eaters' Society.' Those who are initiated fast four days and then they blacken their faces, and are supposed to eat the flesh of a dog, and then they at night go around and show the bones of the dog in proof that they have eaten it.

"Then the spirit that makes a man smart like the wolf, and keen for game as the dog, takes possession of him."

After this recital you ask him what he means by spirits.

He explains: "All things have spirits. The mountains and the valleys and the waters all have their spirits. There is a spirit for each different kind of animal and bird. The fish of the sea, too, have their spirits.

"In some, bad spirits live. The rat and the crab always have bad spirits in them. Sometimes spirits from the good animals get into man and he becomes very rich, or he may be an Indian doctor."

You ask how a person gets good spirits.

He replies: "A man must fast and keep himself pure. Sometimes he fasts one month, sometimes two months, and then he falls down just as if he were dead. Then we know the spirits have come to him."

"What good are these spirits?" you ask. "What do they do?"

"They help lots; they make one rich," replied the Indian.

"But how do they help?" you ask.

The Indian replied:

"One time a woman was very sick, and there was an Indian to whom the spirits had come and taught him a new kind of dance. He had something like what I have seen society men wear down in Victoria when they are out pa-

rating. On it was a picture we call 'Ka-nest.' It was worn around the neck. This Ka-nest was like the church's cross. We call the cross 'Ka-nest.'

"This Indian doctor would dance before the sick. He would look up high when he was dancing and appear to call on someone up there; then, when it seemed as though he would drop dead from dancing too much, he would throw the Ka-nest over the head of that sick person, and that sick person would get up and be healed by the dance. One time I saw one woman very sick healed by this Indian doctor.

"Sometimes the Indian doctor would not be able to cure the sick man and then he would begin to try to find out what was causing the sickness. He might find some man or some woman or witch, who was using the evil spirit to make the man sick. This is the very greatest sin. This sin is worse than stealing or murder. The man that is caught doing this is punished hard, until he promises not to use the evil spirit any more."

"Can you tell me some more stories about Indian doctors?" you ask.

The Indian continues: "One time some people lived on the point where the Wrangell people now bury their dead. There was a chief, who had a nephew whom he called very lazy. The boy was no good, he was so lazy.

"The chief said, 'You no work, you no eat, you starve.'

"So he left the boy and a very old woman at home with nothing to eat, and they all went up the Stikine River to get fish.

"The boy the next day went out on the beach just below the point and found two dead deer lying there with the meat all good. The place is called in our language today 'The place where two deer lay.' He brought some of the meat to his aunt and they dried it for food.

"Next week the boy fell down, all same dead. He woke up and went to his aunt and said, 'We must clean our house real clean, for the spirits are coming to help us.'

"Next day the birds began to fly around and around as if they were driving something. Then the boy looked out in the water and saw a great shoal of salmon and halibut coming toward the shore. He caught the fish and dried them, and kept on doing so until he had filled his house full of dried fish.

"Soon after the house was filled with fish the boy saw two men in a canoe coming near the town where he was. When they came still nearer, he saw that they were two men from his uncle.

"The fish that summer did not go up the river as usual, and so the people were very hungry, and the chief thought that the nephew had starved to death and had sent these two men to do the funeral rites. It was a very pious thing to look after the dead.

"They found how rich the nephew had become. They went back and told the chief about the nephew and the fish. The chief and his people got into their canoes and came back home. The nephew forgave his uncle and fed the people.

"He was a great Indian doctor. He became very rich and had lots of slaves."

After the Indian had finished these stories, he said: "No more tonight. Tomorrow I will tell you more."

All the people in the house begin to spread their blankets for bed. The chief takes his place in the back part of the building on the platform. He is farthest from the front door, and the rest are allotted places on the platform that goes around the inside of the house. The man of the lowest rank is nearest the front door.

The next evening you ask the chief to tell you about the evil spirits and witchcraft. At this he becomes very solemn, and the voices of all in the house are hushed.

The Indian began: "Up high there is a great lake of evil. From this lake come all kinds of sins—murder, stealing, adultery and falsehood. The evil spirits help men to get hold of all there and use them for the destruction of others."

"Did this ever happen?" you ask.

"One time," replied the Indian, "a woman was married to a man who would go off and bring back something that he would put in a box overhead. He strictly charged the woman not to open the box. One day the woman's curiosity got the better of her, and to her horror she discovered the box was full of hands, and she knew by marks on the hands that they were those of her uncles.

"That night, when her husband returned, she said: 'I feel very lonesome. I want to go back and see my people.' The husband replied: 'I take you back.'

"They returned, and when she got back she found that all her relatives had been killed.

"She began to cry, and while she was crying a beautiful young man came to her and tried to comfort her. He said: 'I can help you to kill all your enemies.'

"She accepted his help, and they got into a canoe and went back to her old husband's town, and as they approached the town he began to sing, 'Avenge the death.'

"When they got to the town they found that

a strange sickness had killed her old husband and all his relatives. It was her new husband that did it. He was really a rat in disguise. In those old days before the flood it was quite customary for an animal to disguise itself so it would be taken for a man.

"Rats, we have found out, are the chief abodes for the evil spirits. Crabs likewise are homes of evil spirits. Indians never eat crabs. They are unclean. Devil's clubs also are very attractive to evil spirits.

"He may make a chain of bones to wear around his neck, or he may steal the dead body of an Indian doctor and keep it in his house. There are many ways for a man to do wrong."

The Indian chief stopped a moment; all was silence. Just then a spark was thrown off from a burning log and lit on the clothes of one of the chief's daughters.

She jumped up and said: "You ugly old fire. You are mean."

The chief was quite excited and exclaimed:



THE DEVIL CLUB

"One time Ion-al-gie was gambling and had lost all of his property. The raven came to him and told him to build a house out of forty devil's clubs and live in it, and fast many days and he would become a great gambler. He did so and became a great gambler, just as the raven said."

"How does a person get the evil spirits to help him?" you ask.

The Indian frowned a little and replied: "The man must first have an evil mind and then get dead men's bones. He usually hangs around graveyards and steals them. If we see a man or woman hanging around graveyards at night we know he is a wizard,

"You must not say that, daughter. One time a girl said that and the chief of the fire spirits drew her up and married her, and for a long time the people never saw her again. You must respect the spirits."

Then the chief turned around and said: "We believe in the Raven who made the world. We believe in his grandson who made men, but we must specially honor the spirits because they are all about us and are very angry if we do not use right words concerning them."

Just then an old grandmother who had been lying on a blanket in a dark corner of the room spoke up and said in a deep, trembling voice: "Sons, there is a power above. You must not lie,

you must not steal, you must not kill, or he will not give you good luck. Go to the woods and pray to him and he will give you good luck."

Then the old woman fell back dead. Immediately there was extravagant weeping in the house. It was like the wailing of hired mourners. After the first excitement resulting from the death of the old woman had subsided, the chief explained what they would do with the body of the old woman.

She was of high caste, and therefore special honors were necessary. The funeral rites were to be performed by the tyee of the opposite phratry. A large number of blankets would be given to those who helped. It was the highest act of piety to take care of the dead. There would be a funeral feast and the property given away there and the food eaten there would be just the same as given to the dead.

The body would be cremated, so that the old woman in the next world would live in a nice

warm place, and not be struggling to get near a fire.

Soon after you go outdoors with the chief. The northern lights that night are specially bright. Great streams of light go out in all directions from the north. They play around like happy spirits. The chief looks at them with a glow of pleasure in his face, and exclaims: "Those are the happy spirits of men killed in battle fighting for their homes and families."

You ask what becomes of others when they die. You receive the answer that there is a great river separating us from the country of the dead. A great canoe is there to carry the spirits over. Sometimes a spirit becomes dissatisfied and returns for reincarnation. But all do not do this.

It is night again. The next day you return to civilization with the impression that you have been in a world of chance.



Legends of Chief Shakes' Totems

The Legend of the Grizzly Bear



At the time of the flood the Shakes people were camping near Cone Mountain, a high peak, on the opposite side of the Stikine River from the Great Glacier, and a few miles further inland. As the waters became higher the people ascended the mountain. They found two

this mask. In their dances he, wearing the mask, would appear to come out of the cave and would stealthily creep up and strangle the slave, who had been tied down to the ground on his back for that purpose. This has been done in the memory of our oldest Indians.

The figure marked "A" in Shakes' collection of



CHIEF SHAKES AND HIS HOUSE

grizzly bears were seeking the same place of refuge. They were at first frightened, but the bears appeared very friendly. They acted like guides.

As the waters receded they killed one of them and made from it a mask. When one mask was worn out, another was made just like it to take its place, and this has been continued by the Shakes family until this day.

When a slave was to be sacrificed, and at a potlatch many would be, the chief would wear

curios is a mask that has been actually used for that purpose. It has been in the Shakes family for many generations. The Shakes people are akin to the Te-quo-e-di of Taku, and therefore they also claim the following legend as their own:

A hunter was captured by a grizzly bear, which took him and threw him into his den. The she-bear, instead of destroying him, concealed him, and, when the grizzly came around, denied that the hunter was ever thrown into the cave. The

male grizzly went away, never to return. The hunter then married the bear and had children by her, though he already had a wife and children living in the village. He hunted for his bear wife and children. Finally he had a longing to return to his home and the bear gave him permission, but warned him not to have anything to do with his wife. When he reached the village, his wife reproached him for leaving her alone for so long a time, to provide for all his little children.

He began to hunt for them. He brought seals

and other food and fish for them. The bear heard of this and became very jealous, and the next time the hunter was found in the woods she directed her cubs to fall on him and kill him, and they did.

Note:—The Shakes people also claim the head of mountain goat as their coat of arms. Once a mighty goat hunter was led up a mountain by a goat that he was chasing right into the cave where the goats were assembled in council. He was there taught by the king of the goats not to kill so many goats, because they were brothers.

The Ko-na-ka-det



HERE was a man married to a high caste girl in another town. The man proved himself to be a great gambler. This gave him a very bad reputation. His mother-in-law call-

had heard of a monster that was back of the lake, and he took stone axes, split open a tree and made a dead fall trap and with it killed the monster, and then crawled into its skin.



SHAKES' GRAVE TOTEMS

These totems mark the place where the uncle of the present chief was buried. Titles always went to the sister's son.

ed him a worthless fellow," and finally, for the sake of peace, he built himself a hut near a lake, back of the village. (Chief Shakes locates this lake as the one back of old Wrangell, but the legend probably came from a place much farther north.) The young man

To his surprise he found now that he could swim about in the water like a fish. In the daytime he would do this and then when night came he would return home. He told his wife all about it and charged her not to tell his mother-in-law anything about his adventures.

Famine once took the village. The young man, in the skin of the monster, caught a salmon and left it next morning by his mother-in-law's house. She brought it in, in great glee, and claimed all the credit for having secured it. The next day the mother-in-law brought in two salmon, and then a halibut. All the time she claimed that she had brought the fish. The next night the young man told his wife that he was going

morning she heard the ravens call before he returned. She began to cry and her friends asked her why she was crying and she replied that she knew that her husband was dead, because the ravens had called. They all went to the door then and saw on the beach two whales and the monster between them, dead. The young man had attempted more than he was able to perform. The load had delayed him so that he



SHAKES' COLLECTION OF CURIOS

A—Kon-na-ka-det.

B—The grizzly bear head. This is the most ancient curio, and is most frequently spoken of in guide books. It was used as a mask in the dances, and has been actually worn by one appointed to kill slaves at potlatches. The ears of the head are tipped with native copper.

C—Is the dancing costume representing the woman who was married to a grizzly bear.

D—Is a whale diving Chilkat blanket.

F and H—Corner posts of the house. They are dog-fish totems and so the house is named the dog-fish house. These totems were brought up from old Wrangell in about the year 1832. They were, in old Wrangell, originally erected over the bodies of slaves buried alive.

I—Illustrates the propensity a family had to add new symbols to its coat of arms. The first time an ox was seen, a hat representing an ox head was made.

Most of the other curios are whale killer dancing hats.

Shakes himself is sitting among his curios. He is the nephew of the one buried at old Shakes' grave.

to get a large whale, and, sure enough, the next morning he brought in the whale. The mother-in-law found it and claimed all the honor for the whale, just as she had claimed the honor for having caught the fish. She asked to be honored as a great shaman and the people granted her wish. The young man and his wife laughed all the more at her arrogance.

He had told his wife that he must always get home before the ravens called. If he did not come, she might know that he was dead. One

could not get back by the time the ravens called. They found the young man in the skin of the monster. The people were surprised and supposed that he had been captured by the monster. Therefore they called him "Konakadet." They took the body of the young man and placed it in a tree near the lake back of the village, and every evening the daughter went there to weep. One night she saw a ripple on the water and heard the voice of her husband calling to her, "Get on my back and hold on tight." She did

so, and they went to the Konakadet's former home. This is the reason why it is considered good luck if one has seen the Konakadet, and his wife and wife's children, the "Daughters of the Creek," also bring good luck.

There are several other stories of the Konakadet. There is one of how a chief's canoe was overturned and all his nephews were swallowed up and he only escaped. The townspeople were much aroused thereby and called for vengeance. The chief for a long time kept silent and finally said: "My children, have patience. I believe it was the Konakadet that overturned my canoe. Let us invite him to a great feast and treat him kindly and possibly he will bring back my sister's children." They all agreed, and one of the bravest of the youths went out to where the canoe

was overturned and cried out: "Ye Konakadet, I call you to a feast." The water was disturbed as before and the Konakadet made known that he would accept the invitation.

The feast was held and the Konakadet restored the children.

The Shu-stack family have a like tradition about a canoe having been overturned, but good luck followed as a consequence.

The dancing hat with sea lion bristles came from the Konakadet.

The left-hand totem in front of Shakes' house is that of the Konakadet. The dancing hat in the center of the collection of Shakes' curios showing a man in the monster's skin is also that of the Konakadet. This, unfortunately, was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Kadashan, His Totems and Legends of His Totems



CHIEF KADASHAN is the greatest living Indian orator. He is the great Indian authority on Indian lore. More than a third of the material that Dr. Swanton of the Smithsonian Institute secured for his report on the Thlinget Indians was secured from him.

While Kadashan has been by no means always consistent, his sympathies are decidedly

Christian. One time in a speech he said: "I see the difference between God's law and man's law. In the olden days, had we captured a people we would have made slaves of them. The white man rules over us. Instead of making slaves of us, he gives us a chance to earn our living. Our liberty is not taken away."

Much of the material in this book was furnished by him.

The Thlinget Hero, Kayak



HE was born at Sitka. His father's house stood near the Indian River. His father was Lakigina, noted for his cruelty and hatred of all human kind. Even the children of Lakigina did not escape his thirst for blood, so strong was the wolf instinct which ran through his veins. His grandmother was a wolf and on his father's side his ancestry went back to the fire spirit.

Lakigina had received from his grandfather a coat that was made from the skin of a red cod. When worn the coat was so arranged that the fins made a row of teeth which, like a saw, ran up and down the breast. Lakigina's way of disposing of his children was to begin to fondle them and then saw them to death by the saw on the breast of his red coat. One after another was finally put to death. At last the mother became very despondent on account of the loss of her

children. Then it was that the fire spirit came to her and said: "Have good cheer. I will furnish you a way whereby you may save your children. When your husband draws near, take ashes from the fire and throw on them and they will appear like puppies playing, and then he will think that they are puppies and let them live. When he goes out, sweep the ashes off from them and they will become children again."

So it was that the mother was enabled to preserve the lives of three of her children, Kayak, Kettle and their sister. Kayak, when he became of age, slew his father because his father had killed so many of his brothers. After this Kayak, at the instigation of his sister, slew a monster that was troubling Sitka Bay. This, however, disturbed some strange force. An Indian doctor came to Kayak and revealed to him that he would die should his sister ever look upon him. So, after

that, when his sister traveled with the two boys, she wore a bonnet so that she could not look up. A long time afterward, by chance, the sister did look at them and the two boys were actually turned into stone. This established the rule among the Thlingets that it was a great breach of etiquette for a woman to even look at men of the same

tain spirits they could render themselves invisible. They saw the fisherman who was something like an eagle, except that he only had one leg. He came down to the water's edge and with his charmed spear secured the salmon, and then would sail up a creek to a cave of a grizzly bear.



CHIEF KADASHAN

family. This was so much so that one could always tell that, when a woman did not look at a man, they were of the same family.

To return to our theme. Kayak's father had had a charmed halibut hook, and he heard of a fisherman up Yack-a-tat way who had a charmed salmon spear, and he wanted it. So he and his brother went to Yack-a-tat. By the help of cer-

The coat that the fisherman wore had on it two bear heads, and when he came to the cave one of these heads pulled off a salmon from the string of salmon that the fisherman carried and threw it to the male grizzly, and the other head pulled off a salmon and threw it to the female grizzly; so continued until all the salmon was given to the bears. The one-legged fisherman was married

to the daughter of the grizzly bear. The next day Kayak secured a fine silver salmon and, having clothed himself in the skin of the monster, took to the water.

When the fisherman threw his spear Kayak grabbed it and cut the string and so secured the

Kayak then disguised himself in the skin of the fisherman, caught a string of fish and went up the stream to feed the grizzly bear. The she-bear suspected that Kayak was not the real fisherman and fell on him, but Kayak was too strong. He slew the bear



THE ONE-LEGGED FISHERMAN THAT WAS KILLED BY KAYAK
The fisherman has a bear coat and is carrying a string of salmon

spear. The fisherman looked for the spear that day but could not find it. The next day he came to look again, and this time the wind was so that he smelled Kayak hidden in a tree. He cried out to Kayak, "Come down, or I will kill you. I want my salmon spear." Kayak then came down and he and the fisherman fought. Kayak prevailed and the fisherman was slain.

family and went out for more adventures.

The history of this part of the legend is preserved in only two totems in Alaska. One totem is standing in old Wrangell, a site twenty miles south of the present Wrangell. There is a fisherman with a coat having two heads and carrying a string of salmon. The other totem is in the present Wrangell cemetery. This is a copy of

the one at old Wrangell, except there is one head on the coat instead of two.

Kayak now left Yackatat for new adventures. One day he chased the game with such power that he overpowered the force of gravity and ran up into the sky. He would have remained there had not an Indian doctor who had the help of the spirit of two or three birds gone up and brought him down. There are certain fleecy clouds that are called the tracks of Kayak even to this day. To commemorate this event, the family that claims Kayak as its hero has a carved image of a bird on one of its dancing hats.

ran and overtook the swiftest arrow that they could shoot. Kayak then secured the sinew of a bird and with it snared the monster.

This event is commemorated in the lower part of the beaver totem at Wrangell, Alaska.

Kayak next came to the Stikine River, ascended and lived for some time among the Taltan Indians. Up to this time the Indians had made their traps in the usual way. They had not realized that they would catch game much more easily if they put certain carvings on them. Kayak told them how to put certain carvings on them so that they would prove much more at-



by permission of J. E. Worden

THE REMAINS OF KAYAK AND HIS BROTHER

Kayak next appears at Icy Bay. There was a monster there that he wanted to kill. At the head of the bay, on an island, there was an old house and in the house there lived a little old woman who bore the name "Little Old woman Who Knew Everything." Kayak approached her and said: "Little Old Woman Who Knows Everything, I want your canoe; I wish to go out and kill a monster that is back of your house." The little old woman replied: "My son, the canoe is back of this house. Go and get it." Kayak went back of the house and found there what appeared to be an old, rotten canoe, all covered with moss and good for nothing. He picked up the canoe and immediately it became a beautifully carved piece of work. When he and his brother put it into the water, the canoe out-

tractive to game. So it was that they could catch game easily. Their traps now were charmed.

But, unfortunately, heroes have to die, and Kayak and his brother proved no exception to the rule. It was a time in which the waters of the Stikine were very low, and these two brothers undertook to wade across. The current was swift. Curiosity and fear proved too strong for their sister. She raised her head and looked at them. They immediately, sad to relate, were turned into stone, and these rocks can be seen in the river even to this day. One of the brothers had a pack on his back which contained rock from which Indians make paint and this paint material can still be found on one of these rocks. All of which goes to prove the truthfulness of this legend.

The Eagle Legend—Tsimpsian

(This Eagle is on the Kadashan Totems.)

In the days when the Thlingets lived on the Nass River, a chief had a nephew who was very impractical. Instead of drying salmon for the winter he would kill them and leave them on the beach for the eagles to eat. The uncle soon lost patience with such a foolish boy and he decided to leave him behind when the rest of the tribe went up the Nass River for their summer's fishing. They gave him no food and consequently it was expected that he would starve to death.

While the tribe was at the different salmon streams along the Nass River, the fish did not come as was expected and times began to be very hard. If it had not been for roots and berries there would have been a famine. The chief imagined that his nephew was sharing in the same misfortune that they were, and therefore thought that he had died of starvation. It was a very pious thing to take care of the dead. What was done for the dead body determined its place in the next world, so the chief sent two of his men to perform the funeral rites. When they reached the village they found the boy very much alive. He had his house stored full of dried fish, and this was how it happened:

The first night in which he was left alone he heard a rapping on the door. He opened it and by the door lay a huge salmon. An eagle had left it there. This was continued every night

until a bountiful supply of fish was secured.

The boy fed the men and gave them some fish to take back, but charged them strictly not to tell his uncle about him. The men agreed. On their return they gave some fish to a little girl. She was so ravenously hungry that she tried to swallow to large a piece and it choked her. Someone pulled it out of her mouth and it was discovered that there was fish in camp. This caused the chief to summon the men and to make them tell where they got the fish. The two men told them about the nephew and the house full of fish. The chief decided to take the whole tribe back to the village if perchance his nephew might feed them and save the lives of his people. They got into the large canoe and sailed down the river. The chief placed his daughter, dressed in her best blankets, in front. When the big canoe approached the village the nephew stood with his bow and arrow ready to shoot, but when he saw the chief's daughter he relented and fed the tribe. He afterwards married her and lived a happy life.

The family that has the eagle crest must not be confused with the family from the north who call themselves Eagles and have a kind of eagle for their crest. This family has for its legend that of the one-legged fisherman referred to in the Kayak legend.

The Legend of the Crane



HE legend of the crane must be classed as one of the very primitive stories. It goes back to the time when a man left his own home to live in the home of his wife.

A young man was out hunting, and in the woods he came across a beautiful girl with whom he fell in love. The two were married and he went to live with his wife's parents. He discovered as he hunted for them and brought home game, that they would not eat of it. He asked her why this was. For a long time she would not tell him. One day he was out hunting and in putting down his spear to leap across a stream he noticed that he struck something soft, but he paid little attention to it. He came home and stood the spear by the side of the wall. His wives parents soon came in and they said, "We smell frogs. I wish that we had some." He said to

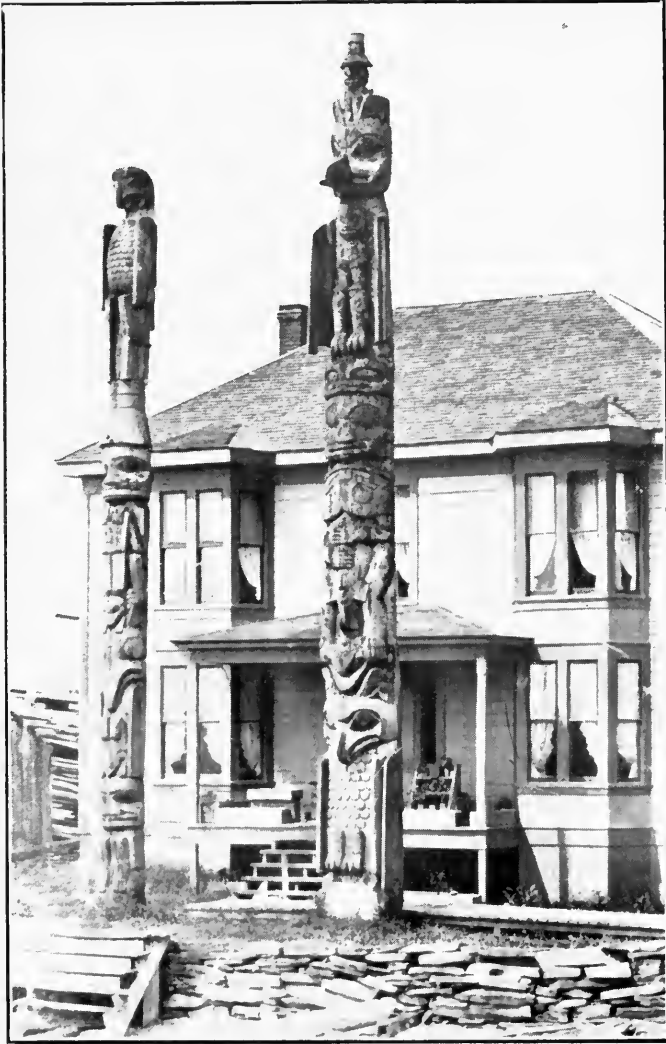
his wife: "What do they mean?" She replied: "Our people belong to the crane people and we specially like frogs and they think that they smell the blood of a frog upon your spear." The young man then remembered the place where he had leaped across the stream, and he concluded that he must have stuck his spear into a gigantic frog. He went out, determined to get it. He came to the place and began to dig and worked until the frog was dug out. He took it home and presented it to his wife's parents. They were very glad when they received it and immediately made preparations to give a great feast. A great number of guests were invited, and the parents received a great name in consequence of this. They, in their gratitude, gave him, in return, shoes made out of grindstone rock. With these shoes he could outrun the fastest game and when a monster was pursuing him he could throw them

at it and they would become high mountains to protect him from it. This hunter became a great man among his people.

The event is commemorated by the third figure from the top on the smaller of the Kada-

The mother of the young raven Hi-yi-shou-a-gu was much persecuted by the brothers. In her despair, she went to the crane for advice.

He told her to swallow four small stones, and



THE KADASHAN TOTEMS

shan totems, and on the second figure from the top on the Goon-yu totem now on exhibition by the side of Matheson's store at Wrangell.

There is perhaps a still more primitive crane legend.

she would have a child that would defend her, and do wonderful things for the world.

She did so, and the young raven was born.

Note:—Notice how often "the figure four" appears in the legends.

The Kadashan Totems



THESE totems are very old. The time of their erection dates back to soon after the days of the Russian occupation. The right-hand one is surmounted by the figure of a man. This represents the Creator. In all the older poles he is represented as a man, while in the modern he is represented as a Raven.

Below is the carving of a Raven with a man between its wings. This is the grandson that made man.

Below is La-kig-i-na, the father of Kayak. Kadashan describes him as "all same devil." His career and character are described in the Kayak legend. He wore a coat made from the skin of a red codfish. The fins were so placed that they ran up and down the breast, making a

saw, and when he killed people he would rip them open by means of this saw.

Below him is the spirit of La-kig-i-na. The lowest figure of all is the thunder bird. He lives on mountains, has a lake on his back, and when he gets uneasy he spills some of the water and this causes the rain. Kadashan declares that the thunder bird has been seen by men and gives instances.

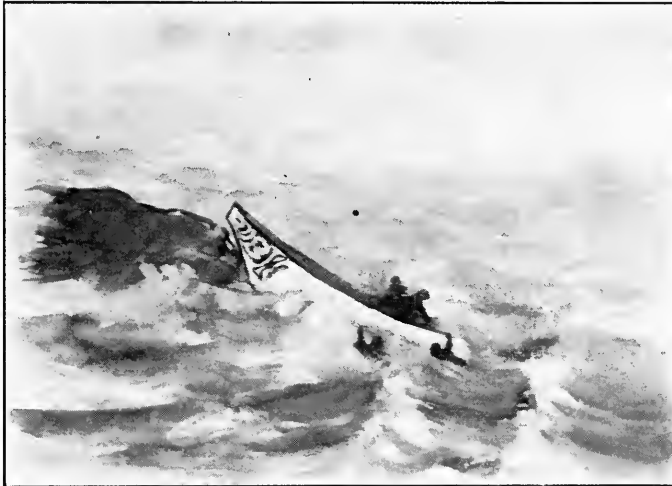
The left-hand totem is surmounted by the eagle, the crest of the Kad-a-shan family. This is the eagle of the Tsimpsons, and not the one belonging to the tribe that formerly centered around the Taku River, and has the wolf as the coat of arms of its phratry.

Below is the Konakadet. Below is the crane, and the lowest figure of all is the Konakadet put in to make the pole higher.

The Legend of the Koosh-ta-ka

Any unusual calamity was ascribed to them. Near Catalla there is a lake that has an oil well in it. Sometimes the lake freezes over and the

The seat of the following legend is placed on the west coast of the Prince of Wales Island, not far from Klawock. Some of the more edu-



LEGEND OF THE KOOSH-TA-KA

The crested waves tossed high the big canoe. They bumped it up against the pointed rock.

upward pressure of the oil cracks the ice. This is charged to the Koosh-ta-ka.

The Koosh-ta-ka are the boggy men of the Thlinget people. Their existence was firmly believed in.

cated of the Indians who are familiar with the different Koosh-ta-ka legends explain them by supposing that at one time monkeys lived in Alaska.

Some boys had filled their big canoe with fish;
 The autumns sun was settling in the east;
 They laughed and joked for all that heart could wish
 Had come to them. They played most merrily.

But as they talked, a boy looked up and said,
 "Oh, look, the falling mist and slanting rays
 Of sunlight fill the sky with fiery red."
 The laughter ceased; the boys were sore amazed.

Trembling, the oldest boy exclaimed, "We'll make
 A fire to warm ourselves and cook our fish,
 And then our homeward way we'll take;
 Some strange power stoppeth here, I know not what."

One took the cedar dry and fire drill, too.
 And then unloosed the string upon the bow
 And made a loop and put the fire drill through,
 And others gathered wood to build the fire.

They held the drill erect and pressed it close
 Against the cedar dry, and with the bow
 They made the drill revolve. A fire arose,
 And then upon the wood it mounted high.

The fish was cooked and all began to eat;
 Just then a frog, a slimy speckled frog,
 Jumped down between the boys and took a seat,
 As if to say, "I'll be a fellow here."

But, oh, the ills a thoughtless thought can do!
 "A fellow here," said one, "you saucy frog—
 The fire is much the better place for you."
 And so, he fireward tossed the saucy frog.

The frog, as would a bird, did turn aside;
 It glided down to earth and disappeared.
 "A miracle, an omen bad!" they cried;
 "We'll haste away perchance our lives to save."

Quickly each boy then sought in their canoe
 His place, and took his paddle, and just like
 An arrow shot from cross-bow strong and true,
 Their hurrying canoe did speed along.

The frog rushed up the mountain side and cried,
 "Ye spirits of the rocks, I ask your aid;
 With mighty power rush down the mountain side
 And make the waves that shall destroy those boys."

The Koosh-ta-ka agreed. The boys worked on,
 Not deeming danger nigh. They paddled hard,
 Hoping before the tide should backward run
 To pass the hidden rocks of Koosh-ta-ka.

Just then ahead, between the hills devide,
 With sentry cloudlets rushing in before,
 An awesome, whirling, rushing cloud was spied;
 The boys by ashen fear were paralyzed.

The crested waves tossed high the big canoe;
 They bumped it up against the pointed rock,
 Which crushed the helpless boat, and quickly threw
 The boys into the sea. They cried for help.

To-si-la-gut, half-man, half-otter, heard
 Their cry and summoned all the Koosh-ta-ka
 And made a rousing speech, and spoke the word,
 "Arise, ye Koosh-ta-ka, and rescue them."

He pointed toward the boys. Then suddenly
 The Koosh-ta-ka with one accord arose;
 Breasting the waves they plunged into the sea
 And brought the boys to live among the rocks.

That night, the mothers in the village near
 Went to the water's side to meet their boys;
 And so they did for many nights till fear
 Did grip them hard. "Where are our boys?"
 they cried.

Weeping, they sought Kashutz, the doctor wise,
 And bringing gifts, they said, "Oh, find for us
 Our boys." The seer responded: "Dry your eyes,
 And keep your gifts. I'll find for you your sons."

The doctor then began to dance and clap
 His hands. He sang a song with words from some
 Forgotten tongue. He then began to rap
 Upon the floor. His eyes were fixed above.

A rattle of mysterious design
 He shook most violently. Faster grew
 His movements. Louder rose his voice—a sign
 Of some unearthly, ghostly spirit power.

The mothers, all like statues, crouched around
 Their cheeks were colorless; with eyes out-
 stretched
 And ears erect, they listened for each sound.
 The seer fell down, as one would fall that's
 dead.

The woman knew the reason of it all—
The seer had left his body lying there
To travel forth to seek, to find, and call
Their sons, as men are called when feats are
made.

The moments stretched like hours to each one
there;
At length Kashutz awoke and said, "My
friends,
I've been far away, have journeyed through the
air;
I do not find your sons among the stars.

I'll search again." And so once more he fell
Asleep. This time, he said that he had asked
The ferryman who rules the Styx to tell.
He found the boys were not among the dead.

Kashutz, the doctor wise, then fell asleep—
The sleep, how different, not peaceful now;
He writhed, he groaned, then upward he did
leap,
And spoke, "My sisters, now I know the truth."

"The evil Koosh-ta-ka stirred up the storm
Which wrecked the big canoe. To-si-la-gut,
Once man, now otter, summoned then a swarn
Of Koosh-ta-ka—"Be quick and save," he urged.

"To him the evil Koosh-ta-ka gave heed,
And brought the boys to live among the rocks;"
Some fainted; anguish reigned; all cried "A
deed
Most horrible! Woe! Woe! Our sons are
lost!"

Quickly from lip to lip the words were passed,
"The boys are prisoners among the rocks,
Held there by Koosh-ta-ka." From first to last
In awe-struck tones, each told this awful tale.

A council then was called. Kashutz the wise,
The chief and all the village men were there;
Then spoke the chief, "My friends, we must
devise
Some way to kill these dreaded Koosh-ta-ka.

"We know now who have been our enemies;
We know now where our sisters' sons have
gone;
The question is: 'How may we catch the
thieves?'
Speak up, my men; we want your counsel
shrewd."

Then spoke Kashutz the wise, "You cannot kill
The otter men by ordinary means;
You'll never get the Koosh-ta-ka until
You smear their rocks with pitch and burn the
pitch."

Immediately, like one man they rushed
For their canoes, took off their coverings,
Loaded them with all needful things and pushed
Them out upon the sea and paddled away.

They sought the forest where the pitch is found;
They soon arrived and quickly went to work
To get the pitch. The forest did resound
With stroke of axe, and noise of men at work.

With pitch the great canoes were quickly filled
And then as quick as arrows fly, they sped
to where the otter live, and then they spilled
The pitch upon the rocks; they made a fire.

Great clouds of densest smoke ascended high;
Umbrella like, the smoke spread out, and so
It with its awful blackness filled the sky;
The heat was most intense and burned the
rocks.

Some of the evil Koosh-ta-ka were burned;
Others escaped. The children were destroyed;
The braves, with joy, not knowing, homeward
turned—
They thought the Koosh-ta-ka were all de-
stroyed.

Next day some men went hunting and they found
A large white otter and they captured it,
And gave it to Kashutz, who did impound
It with his charms. It was the otter king.

Next day a large gray cloud came out of the
east;
Singing was heard. The men were bound as
by a spell;
Their eyes could see, but power to act had
ceased;
They understood the song—these were the
words:

"Your drum's too loud,
It weaves a shroud;
We want our king;
For this we sing."

To-si-la-gut, the otter man, had called
The otters, saying "Come with me to save
Your king. He is by spirit power enthralled."
And this is why the Koosh-ta-ka had come.

To-si-la-gut had charms of double strength,
 And easily he freed the otter king;
 The Koosh-ta-ka did celebrate. At length
 To-si-la-gut with all the others left.
 Great consternation ruled the minds of all;
 Their spirit enemies were not destroyed;
 They did not know what evils might befall—
 The king had spoken roughly to Kashutz.
 Kashutz had nephews four. One day a voice
 Reached one of these from out the wild, which
 said:
 "Oh, sing your song of death; you have no
 choice—
 Death claims thee as its own—prepare to die."

The nephew bragged, "I'll cheat these spooks—
 I'm strong;"

But then a feeling strange came over him;
 His burdens lightened as he trudged along,
 A strange exhilaration lifted him.

He felt no pain; a darkness came at last,
 And when he reached his nearest brother he
 There fell down dead, and thus away he passed.
 In quick succession die these nephews four.

But here this tale of vengeance dire doth end;
 Remembering their former punishment,
 The Koosh-ta-ka from haunts of men did wend
 Their way to live as monkeys, far away.

The Chilkat Blanket

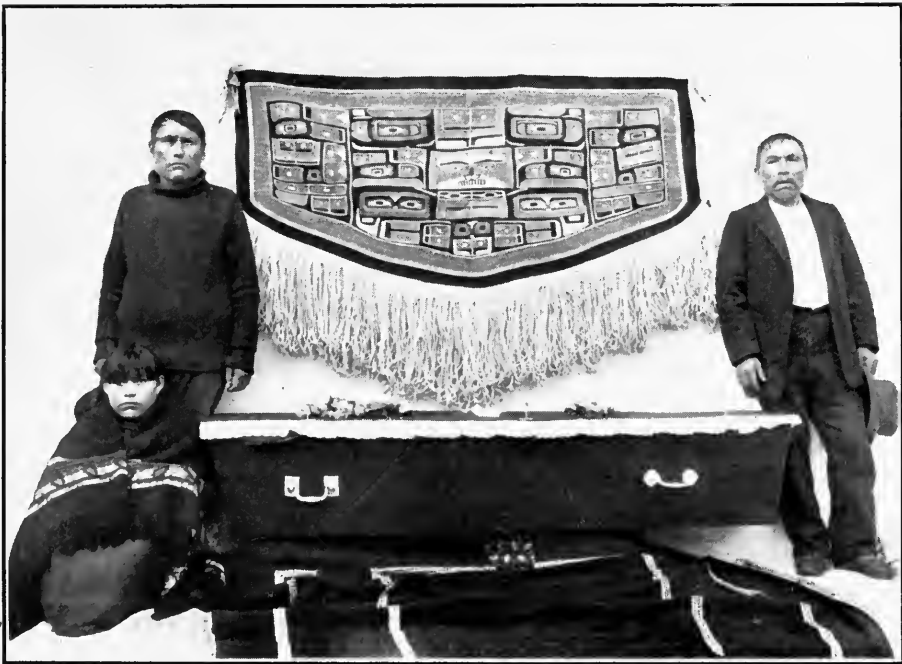


CHILKAT is the modern name for the blanket. The first makers of the blanket were the Tsimpsons, but they had long forgotten the art when the first white men came to this country. Then the Chilkat Indians were the

Kine." The word means fringe about the body.

The Thlingets attribute to the blanket a mythical origin. The legend of the blanket is as follows:

In the days before the flood animals were more like men. They could take off their skins as if



A CHILKAT BLANKET BY A COFFIN

chief manufacturers. This explains why the when men gave to the blanket the present name.

The Thlinget name for the blanket is "Nar-

they were blankets. Then some women went out to gather some wild celery. They had gathered what they desired and toward evening had started

for home. Among them was the daughter of a chief who slipped into the footprints of a black bear. This caused her to abuse the bear family in general, and, stopping to readjust her pack, she fell behind and so lost sight of her companions. At dusk she heard a footfall. A beautiful young man approached her and whispered soft words in her ear. He asked her to marry him and she consented. She went to his home and there she found out that he was a grizzly bear. Soon after she made her escape and ran to the seashore, saw a fisherman in a canoe and asked to be rescued. Before he would rescue her he

present a Chilkat blanket, and the Raven gave the blanket to mortals.

The material of the Chilkat blanket is goat's wool, the inner part of the bark of the yellow cedar and sinew. The yellow cedar covered with goat's wool is the warp; goat's wool is the woof, and the ornamental parts are sewed on with sinew.

The frame upon which the blanket is woven is very simple. It consists of two uprights of about four feet high. These uprights are placed in shoes of sufficient weight to keep them erect, and they are connected at the top by a baton



FIGURE II.

made her promise to marry him and she consented. The fisherman proved to be the good spirit of the sea, the Konakadet. The spirit, with his new wife, descended to the spirit's house under the sea. He told her that he was already married to the lynx, but that he expected to kill the lynx because she was so cruel. He put his new wife in a back room and told her that she should not be frightened at anything she saw. One day she looked through the cracks and she saw the lynx making a beautiful blanket. She watched until she learned how it was made. Some time after the Konakadet and his new wife were in a cave and were there visited by the Great Raven. They danced for each other and exchanged presents. The Raven received for his

about six feet long. Stretched across the top is a narrow piece of skin. From holes at regular intervals in the skin, warp strings the right length are suspended, and then these warp strings are bound together by the woof.

It takes the wool of from three to ten mountain goats to make a blanket. The finer blankets only use a part of the wool of each goat. All the weaving is done entirely by hand. Different color fields are united by means of fine sinew laid alongside of the outside warp strand, and woven into the selvage of that section by alternately closing it within the twining of a certain number of woof threads, and then leaving it free.

The general weave is the twilled diagonal.

It is called Hee-kar-ree. The word means rough, or uneven, like the skin on the back of the frog.

The warp of the blanket is never colored. The three colors used for the woof are black, yellow and bluish green. The coloring of the wool is accomplished after the thread is spun, and for each color in the old days, the woman who did the work would fast a day, which was supposed to give uniformity of color. There were two ways of preparing the black color. One was a preparation from hemlock bark and the other was from a black mud near certain springs boiled with the hemlock bark. The yellow is prepared

in the Northwest. The central part of the blanket has the totemistic figure. The eyes, the nose, the mouth, and sometimes the feet, occupy their proper place, while the rest of the body is often lost sight of. Many of the figures at the sides have little or no meaning. They are simply put in to give richness in color effect. The eye, however, when placed upon an object, usually signifies intelligence. It may be placed on the joints of an animal, and a face may be placed on the forehead. All this signifies the presence of some spiritual power.

The weaving is always done according to a



FIGURE III IS A FEMALE BEAR WITH CUBS, OR ACCORDING TO OTHER TRADITIONS A WHALE DIVING BLANKET

from a lichen known as selhony moss. This moss is found on spruce and hemlock trees growing in very wet places on the mainland. The blue-green is prepared from a copper ore. There is also a blue claystone which produces the same shades. The native colors are soft. The bright colors are not characteristic of the Tlinget Indian, as is sometimes supposed.

The design of a Chilkat blanket is very conventional. The figures are similar to those found on their carved boxes, on their masks and on the great doors which they were accustomed to place before their houses during the time of a great feast or potlatch. The idea of the design is found among the Indians

pattern board which has been kept for generations in the family. The weaver never varies from the design on the pattern board. Many of these pattern boards have been kept so long that their owners have lost the significance of the figures on them. This is evidenced by the fact that two such students of Indian life as Professor Swanton and Lieutenant Emmons obtained from the Indians two different explanations for the same figures. As, for example, the figure on one blanket was represented as a whale killer to one of these men, while to the other it was interpreted as the Konakadet. Another blanket was interpreted as a whale diving to one and to the other it was explained as a wolf with young.

The Chilkat blanket was used in the ceremonial dances and at funerals. If it were used in a dance it ceased then to be private property. It belonged to the clan. At funerals it was placed over the lower part of the body, and in later times it was hung up by the side of the coffin. The theory was that the friends of the dead who returned to take their departing brother with them were made happy by seeing the bright colors of the Chilkat blanket. The blanket in this picture

represents a whale diving. The face in the center is the body, and the two eyes above are the fins of the whale. The two end pieces, when brought together as they would be when worn, make another whale. Figure 2 represents whale killers. Figure 3 is a female bear with cubs or a whale diving: The two faces below are the two eyes. The other face is the body. There are many other types of blankets, but these three are most often seen.

The Thlinget Basket



THE Indians in and about Yackatat were the first among the Thlinget Indians to practice the art of basketry, and gradually from them the knowledge of the art passed to the south.

The mythical origin of the basket is that the woman of the clouds was married to the sun. Her children were of the earth, and she was wondering what to do with them. One day she picked up some spruce roots and carelessly began to weave them into a basket. The sun, seeing this, enlarged the basket so that it was large enough to contain the mother and all her children and let them down to earth. From this the people first learned the art of basket-making.

The material used in the making of baskets are grasses that have long stems, and chiefly spruce roots. The grasses are picked in early summer before the stems have begun to get woody, and are bleached to a straw yellow by immersing them in boiling water. They are placed on a tent cloth for drying, and so are kept until they are ready for use.

The spruce roots are gathered usually from the variety of spruce that has a reddish tinge on the back. The roots, as soon as gathered are carried home. A small fire is built and they are slightly charred. They are then soaked in water, then drawn through a rough stick split through a greater part of its length, just above a place where the two prongs are tied together by a hide. The stick is held upright by being placed far enough in the ground to hold it upright during the operation.

The barked roots are then tied up into coils and are in a few days ready for splitting. The root is split into three parts. The outer part is the very finest and is used for the ornamental work; the middle part makes the body of the basket proper, and the inner part is thrown away.

The principal colors are the red, yellow, greenish-blue and black. The red is prepared by soaking the bark of the alder in some alkali substance; the yellow is prepared from a lichen sometimes known as "deer moss." It is a moss that hangs down in festoons from the trees and furnishes food for the deer in winter when the snow is deep and the deer can go around on the crust. The black is produced from the black mud around sulphur springs, boiled with hemlock bark. The greenish-blue is prepared by making an alkaline solution of copper ore.

There are six characteristic kinds of weaves. The first is the Wush-took-ar-kee (close together) weave. This is the most common kind and is seen in nearly all kinds of baskets. It reminds one a little of the surface of a rope.

The second weave is called the Khark-ghee-sut. This weave is very much like the first, only that between each strand there is a single braid that goes in and out around the basket. This is a later weave and makes the cheaper basket. It is a compromise between the better baskets of the north and the plain cedar work of the south.

The third weave is very much like the first, except that two woof threads are twined about a pair of warp splints. This makes a rough or uneven surface like the skin of a frog.

The fourth weave is called the "eye hole" weave. In the weave, the warp splints are drawn aside at a fixed angle. The even numbers bend in one direction and the odd numbers in the opposite direction, and then when the warp splints cross they are bound together by the woof.

The fifth weave is used in baskets designed for heavier work. It consists of three woof elements, one of which makes a part of a turn over the other two. They enclose two warp splints on the outside and one on the inside. This is called the twisted or Uh-tahk-ka weave.

The sixth weave is a variation of the first

where each alternate wool strand is for ornamental purposes, of a different color. This is called the strawberry weave.

The ornamental work on baskets does not make a part of the basket proper. It is more like embroidery.

Lieutenant Emmons enumerates twenty-three different types. There is the basket with handles, designed for berry baskets; one designed for packing on the back; a large basket to receive berries from the berry pickers; one designed for a water bucket; one as a children's eating dish; one used as a cooking basket, which is called a half basket and has flaring sides.

ing. There is a double basket, the "Yun-nah-kar-ra-ku." One of these baskets fits closely over the other. It was used for carrying birds' down and charms. There is a smaller type used for carrying shot.

The preceding gives a few of the principal types of baskets. There remains simply to give some explanation of the decorative designs on them. To do this, we will use the accompanying illustration, naming the different designs on the baskets.

Basket marked "A"—The middle row is called the "Tying Pattern." This is made up of tiny rectangles placed in enchaion with the long way



Permission of J. E. Worden.

Also there is a small one, usually well ornamented, used for drinking salt water. Four swallows were taken out of it, very early in the morning before the raven called, for four successive days. This was to insure good luck in hunting. There is the spoon bag with open work, used as a wall pocket, and the strainer, a basket with open work, and also a basket which was shaped like a basin and was the Indians' work-basket. There is a covered basket that has pebbles in its cover. This is called the tu-dar-huck (noise inside basket). There is one that is urn-shaped and reminds one of a Chinese preserve jar. The Indians may have gotten hold of one of these preserve jars in the early days of Russian trad-

running around the basket to represent a string wound around it.

Basket marked "B"—The Sha-mans hat pattern. This is suggested by the profile of the mountain as it descends in benches from the top down to the water.

Basket marked "C"—The upper and lower circle has the cross pattern, a pattern commonly used since the coming of Christianity. The middle row is one of the butterfly patterns. This represents the halting, uncertain character of the butterfly's flight.

Basket marked "D" is covered with the tatoo pattern.

Basket marked "E" has for its upper and lower

circles the butterfly pattern, and for its middle the waves of the sea.

Basket "L" has nearly the same as "C."

Baskets "F" have the rainbow markings.

Basket "M" has the sea wave pattern. It represents an object rising and falling in the waves. This is a very old design, dating back to a time before the Thlingets came to Alaska. Basket "O" has the same motif.

Basket "N" has another of the tattoo patterns for its middle row.

Basket "H" has for its middle row the woodworm pattern. The upper and lower rows are according to the cross pattern.

Basket "I" has for upper and lower rows the blanket border pattern. This pattern was copied from the borders of the old Hudson Bay blankets. The middle row is the fireweed motif. The fireweed is the most common plant growing along the coast. It represents the parallel lanceolate leaves of the plants.

Basket "K" is the blanket border pattern with tattoo markings at the top and bottom.

Basket "O" has the sea wave pattern.

Basket "P" has for the top and bottom the head of salmon berry pattern.

Basket "R" is all ornamented with tattoo work.

Basket "S" is ornamented with butterfly pattern.

Basket "T" has markings that have no special significance.

Basket "U" is ornamented with the salmon berry figure.

Basket "V" has the cross and the woodworm pattern.

Basket "W" has for its decorations at the top and bottom the tattoo. Next to these is the blanket border decorations, and the middle row represents the lanceolate leaves of the fireweed.

Basket "X" at the top and bottom has the bear tracks, and the middle is the cross pattern.

Baskets "Z," "2" and "3" have at the top the head of the salmon berry pattern.

Basket "4" has at the top the jaw of the whale killer pattern.

Wall-pocket basket "6" has for its middle row the arrow-head pattern.

There are perhaps a dozen other patterns not shown here, but these comprise about all the principal decorations found on baskets. The only other one that is of very much importance is the flying geese pattern. This is very much like the salmon berry pattern, excepting that there are two lines meeting each other at an angle.



Ruins of Old Indian House at Wrangell



THE first step in building an old Indian house is shown by the timbers in the illustration. After this, two stockades about seven feet high were placed about eight feet at the

right and left of the two logs. Then the roof ran from the top of the stockades up across the two main cross-legs to make the ridge of the house.



RUINS OF AN OLD INDIAN HOUSE, WITH WRANGELL IN THE BACKGROUND

The Story of the Kluc-nu-hu-di



HIS begins with the story of a spoiled boy. He was hungry and because of that he went to his mother and asked her for food. She gave him a piece of dried salmon and he whiningly because the salmon had a mouldy edge threw it into a garbage heap and went out again to play with the boys.

He shot with his bow and arrow and killed a sea gull. He waded out after it; and suddenly disappeared.

The people supposed that he was drowned. They searched for the body and could not find it, and gave him up as lost.

He had been pulled into the water; but instead of drowning he found himself walking in a strange country. He came to a village, where the chief's house was. He became very hungry and asked for food, but they gave him none.

He saw what he thought was fish eggs, and stooped down and picked some up as if he would eat.

At that, all the people began to make fun of him, and they cried "See him eat the garbage of our people."

The boy was still more worried and declared he would not eat. The chief ordered that he be taken to a brook where a stork was feeding, and that he be made to hug the stork and hear the stork sing and that would put him in good humor. There were two storks there and they put him in good humor; and, when he was taken back to the village, the chief gave him food.

The chief then explained why he had been drawn away from home. He told him how he had insulted the chief's son dried salmon. He warned him to be more careful in the future.

Finally the spring time came and the salmon started on their march to the land. First marched the large king salmon, then sockeye, then the humpback, then the dog, and lastly of all the coho salmon.

They came to the creek where some Indians were fishing. The boy was now inside a coho salmon. An old man shot a spear at him. He dodged into the salmon's tail. The salmon was pulled out, and taken to the home of the boys mother. She recognized in the fish a necklace belonging to her family, and she made up her mind that her son was in the fish. All the best medicine men were summoned, but they were unable to help them.

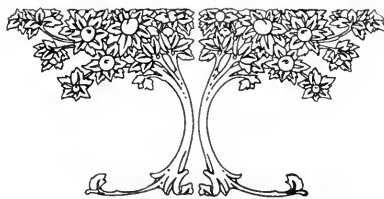
At last, one of no reputation was summoned. He ordered that every one fast for eight days and at the end of eight days he danced around, singing eight songs and this brought the boy to life again.

The boy became a great man. There is variation of this story of Actatsin among the Indians of the West coast of the Prince of Wales Island.

In this, Actatsin is figured as a friend of a very lonely boy. The boy dies, and Actatsin in great grief follows to where the body of his friend is exposed in a tree. He falls asleep.

He appears to awaken, and sees people carrying the body of his friend off into the sea. He follows, calling on the name of his friend.

Suddenly he finds himself in a sea palace with his friend as king. He lives there for a long time as a special friend of his king. Finally the time comes for the salmon to return to the streams. Actatsin by resisting all temptation to marry a salmon, returns by the same road as did the first fish hero. The close of the story is the same, except he becomes the founder of the Red Salmon family instead of the Coho Salmon family.





The History of the Totem Pole

(at Seattle, Washington)

By WM. DICKERSON

The tradition goes that the Raven who has always been recognized by the Indians as Chief of the Gods and who was called Yalth (raven figure No. 1), wanted to improve the condition of the earth but was opposed by figure (5) Nass-shig-ee-yalth, the King of Light, who had control of the sun, moon and stars. Yalth (figure 1 on top of pole) had a friend in (Kithg-cum-yee) Frog figure No. 3, who was an enemy of the King of Light, and the Frog King Kithg-cum-yee, told Yalth that Nass-shig-ee-yalth had a daughter of whom he was very fond and careful, and, who being a Virgin was only allowed to drink from one spring, and who must be always in company of her woman. So Yalth asked his servant Nuck-shu-yan (figure No. 4) the Mink to aid him to change his form into a spirit; this the Mink did and then as a spirit Yalth took his abode in this sacred spring. As usual the daughter of the King of Light came and drank of the waters and became conceived of a child. Yalth who was greatly welcomed into the home of Nass-shig-ee-yalth, who was now his grandfather. As Yalth grew to boyhood he always bore in mind his mission to improve the world and thought by making as much disturbance as possible he would be able to accomplish his object, therefore he played sick and cried very much and Nass-shig-ee-yalth who was much attached to him gave him everything he asked for. There came a day when (Yalth) cried for Light, and he would not be pacified without it, so his grandfather ordered one of his servants to open a large chest in his house and to take out a small box containing Light and gave it to Yalth to play with, which he did by getting under the hole in the roof which served as a chimney and then he opened and shot the box first making it Light and dark until all the light had escaped from the box, thus did Yalth made daylight and darkness.

When Yalth found all the light from the box had gone up into the sky he began to cry so much he made himself appear very ill, so Nass-shig-ee-yalth told his servant to bring to him the box containing the stars as he did not want to see his only grand son die.

Then Nass-shig-ee-yalth gave the box of stars to Yalth to play with but warned him not to throw them up, so Yalth rolled the stars around the floor until he got a chance to throw them through the hole in the roof, and then when his

grandfather scolded him for letting the stars out, Yalth said they had jumped out of his hands. He at once began to cry again as he realized the stars would not give light enough, and planned to get out the sun, which he did the next day after much trouble in the same manner as the light and stars.

The next night on looking at the sky he saw only the stars and they did not shed much light, so he began to cry for the moon, the last light left in the chest and after shedding many tears, Nass-shig-ee-yalth gave him the moon, but sat under the smoke hole so it could not get out that way.

Yalth rolled the moon around the room for sometime but coming to the door which he quickly opened he shoved the moon outside and at once changed himself back into a Raven, took the moon in his mouth and flew up into the heavens (figure No. 1), and installed it as chief of the night, the stars as its servants. The sun he made chief of day.

After having regulated the sun, moon and stars, he started flying to distant lands where he had heard the people needed his help, but after flying many days, he found himself over a great ocean, very tired and hungry, looking for a place to land and rest, he saw (Yagh-ee), the whale (figure No. 6), who was feeding on fish which Yalth could not catch; but when the whale raised his head out of the water to take a plunge, Yalth slipped inside, rested and ate fish for three daylight and three darkness, and his spirit willed it. The whale carried him many miles and on arriving at the land he wished to go threw him up on a nice sandy beach.

Figure (7) shows Yalth, chief of Gods after being released from the belly of the whale landing on the new world.

Mr. Dickerson, on account of his intimate knowledge of Native Life, and also because he is better informed than any other person of the habits and history of the Tongass people, is better qualified than any one, to write about the Seattle totem, because it was from Old Port Tongass that the pole was taken.

His raven story differs some from that given in another part of this book. This is due to the fact that every different clan gives a slightly different version.—Editor.

Sitka Totems



THE Sitka totems are all Haida. They have been donated by different Haida chiefs to the Sitka museum. The most famous of all is the Memorial totem. It was donated by Chief "Sunny Heart."

It is surmounted by the "Fog woman with her children." This is the legend given in the chapter on the basket. The fig comes up from the south in the spring time and the salmon and all vegetation are among her children.

Below the fog is the wolf. It is a wolf that



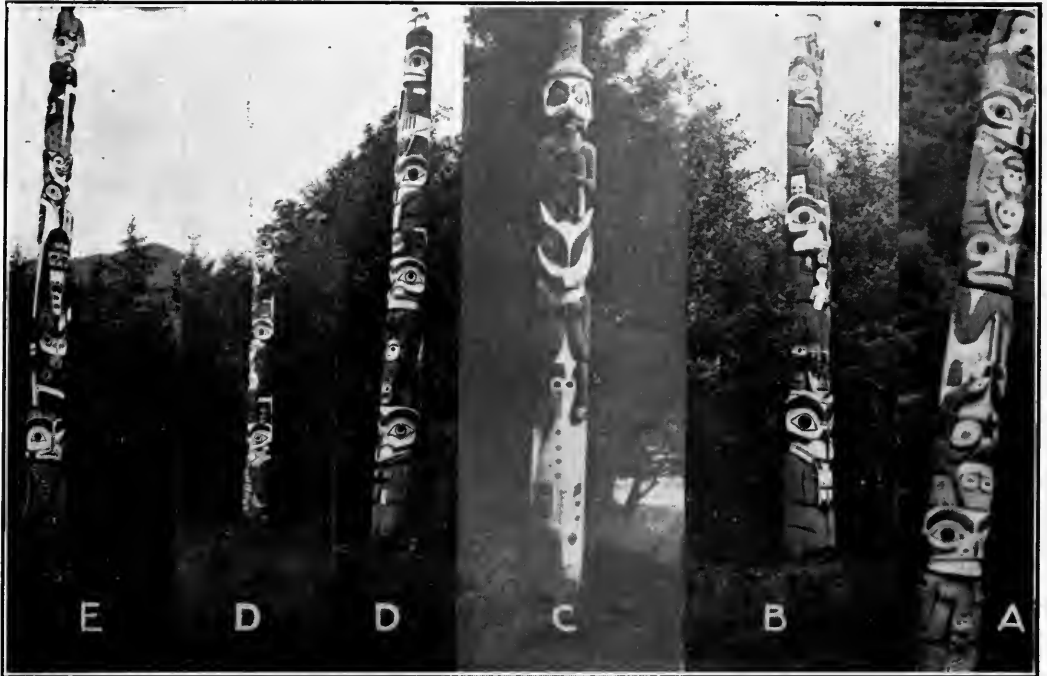
THE MEMORIAL TOTEM
SITKA

is giving a feast and inviting Kajuk Tshalk the eagle (the northern) and the bear to a great feast. It is a memorial of a great potlatch feast when all these families were present.

The little totem to the left is a house totem of the Beaver family. It one time formed one of the pillars of a house.

"D" has many of the figures of the Memorial totem.

"E" is surmounted by the crow. Below is the crane hero piercing a frog below is the raven leaping into the mouth of the whale. The lowest of all the thunder bird.



The other totems of Sitka are of far less importance and just a word in regard to each must suffice.

"A" is surmounted by the figure of a Russian priest. This commemorates a time when a chief long ago was baptized by a Russian priest. Below are the owl, mink and beaver.

"B" is surmounted with the young Raven and Creator as in the Kadashan pole.

"C" has a slave carrying a chief's hat. Below a wolf is married to a member of the red salmon family.

A branch of the Kicksetti people at Sitka have a very interesting legend of a Ka-Kach-gook, a chief with two or three helpers being carried far out to sea. It tells how they drifted to an island, where they killed many seal, and how, after many months long after they were supposed to be dead, the chief returned, bringing wonderful fur robes with him. This legend has no doubt a foundation in fact, and this chief was no doubt the first to find Prybiloff Islands which have yielded such great fortunes in fur.

The Wolf



THE Wolf people were the northern ancestors of the Thlinget people. Possibly they migrated from the interior coming down the Taku River. The legend tells about where all were dead but a mother and daughter. The fire

He ordered that men should not eat these birds.

The illustration gives us a glimpse of Indian jurisprudence. This totem is at the foot of the eagle totem at Wrangell. The Eagle clan charged that the Wolf people (Kag-wan-tans) owed them a debt and would not pay, so the Eagle



THE WOLF

drill spirit caused a son to be born to the daughter. The son was bathed in a magic spring which caused it to grow up quickly.

As a youth he went out among the wolves and was recognized by them as a brother. He was friendly to the northern eagle, Ka-juk Tschalk.

people carved a totem of the wolf and placed it down very low because they would not pay their debts.

In the Thlinget category of crimes witchcraft was the worst. It was the mother of all crime. Then came stealing and then murder.



Permission by Hunt & Co.

The Ketchikan Totems



THE Thlinget Indians of Ketchikan were formerly residents of old Port Tongass which is almost at the southern end of Alaska. At Port Tongass, there are a number of very interesting totems. One has on it a carved image supposed to be that of Captain Cook. The founder of this family was the first one to see Captain Cook. This explains, why there is an

the Kit or whale killer, and the two at the extreme left are surmounted by the Raven.

Prior to the people living at Cot Island, part appear to have lived at Helm bay and part perhaps came from Doll Island.

The two totems at Kechikan that the ordinary tourist sees are Kyan's Totem and Johnson's Totem. Kyan's totem is surmounted by the Crane. Below is the Thunder Bird and the



Permission of Hunt & Co.

TOTEMS OF THLINGET INDIANS ON CAT ISLAND, S. E. ALASKA, NEAR KETCHIKAN

Indian family that has the English name Cook among its stock of names.

The Indians migrated to Port Tongass from Cot Island which is not far from the present Ketchikan. The central figure of the accompanying illustration is the Grizzly Bear Totem. These are very old totems and therefore simple. It was impossible of course to carve complicated totems with only stone axes.

The totem to the left is that of the Raven, recognized by his long curved bill. The curvature of the Raven's bill, the Legend says was produced at the time he carried his mother up to the sky, and held himself up by sticking his bill in until the great sea gull told him the flood had subsided.

The totem still to the left is surmounted by

Grizzly bear. The pole then reads, I belong to the Crane branch of the Raven phratry and am married into the Thunder Bird branch of the Bear phratry.

Chief Johnson totem is surmounted by Ka-juk, a fabled bird of the mountains. This bird amuses himself by throwing rocks at ground hogs. Those who find one of these are sure to become very rich.

Sometimes this figure has been called the eagle but even then it must not be confounded with the Southern eagle which is the totem of an entirely different family. Ka-juk is placed high up to show the dignity of the family.

Below are the two servants of the raven. These are the ones that obtained fire for mortals.

The fire was in the west. These two servants

stuck their bills into pitch and flew out to the fire.

woman with her children the salmon.

There is one interesting totem in the Ketchikan cemetery. It was carved by Wm. Dickerson, and

On their return the fire so heated the bill that



Permission of J. E. Worden

CHIEF JOHNSON'S TOTEM

under the weight of the burning pitch they bent, and the curve was produced.

its chief carving centers about the part of the legend where he flies up to heaven with his mother and others in his arms.

Below is the Raven, and still below is the fog

Kasaan, a Haida Town



ABOUT the same time that the Thlinget migrations northward were taking place, the Haida people felt the same impulse. A colony of them from the Masset Indians on Queen Charlotte's Islands settled near where old Kasaan now is.

What prompted them was trouble at home. First a few set out but, on account of the rough, wide waters of what we now call "Dixon's Entrance," were compelled to turn back. But they, as the old legend says, "found many friends and secured a big canoe and in it they worked hard

becoming, virtually, a part of the Thlinget people. These emigrants were finally divided into two families, the Kosoquidi and Telequidi. The sacred songs of these two clans are in the Haida-Kasaan dialect.

The chief house of old Kasaan is Chief Skowel's. It is the one that has two totem poles just alike standing in the accompanying illustration on each side of the steps in front of the house. They are surmounted with the figures of the Raven. These are placed high up to show the great dignity of the family. The carved figure below is the Raven. He has the moon in



Permission of Hunt and Co., and D Nichol

A PORTION OF OLD KASAAN, A DESERTED HAIDA VILLAGE IN 1900

A—At top creator, below young craven carrying men up to the sky at the time of the flood, and the mother of the young raven.

B—A fabled bird of the mountains, mosquito and bear.

C—Carrying of the man in whose memory the totem is erected, the raven and the strong rending the sea lions.

D—See description of old Kasaan in text.

and altogether and succeeded in crossing the big water where they found a good place and had peace many days."

This good place was not the present old Kasaan, but a place not far away. After some years, for a trivial reason, they deserted their first resting place for the present site of old Kasaan. They called it "Beautiful Town." That is what the word Kasaan means.

Of these legendary days there is a story of a man digging clams who was caught there by a large bivalve and held there until he was drowned by the incoming tide. This so excited his kinsmen that the family migrated northward to the Stikine River and joined their fortunes with the Thlingets, learning their language and

his mouth to commemorate the time he stole the moon from the Creator to give it unto men. Below is the wife of the Raven. He, after he stole the sun and moon, went out to and fro on the earth, teaching men to obey certain customs. He was a great joker, so much so that each Thlinget word that means deceit has its root in their word for the raven. The Raven, like men of that character, was many times married and there is a legend that goes along with each adventure.

The lowest figure of all is the whale. This is the Raven's "Jonah" story. One time the Raven jumped into the mouth of the whale. He there made it so unpleasant for the whale that the whale was glad to go ashore and die. The

Raven, however, still imprisoned in the belly of the whale, began to sing and this attracted the attention of some Indian braves who were passing by. Their curiosity was aroused and they began to dig into the sides of the whale. Out stepped the Raven, and then, as a thank offering for his rescue, he cut up the whale and divided it among the people, thus making a great feast. The larger of these two poles was erected in 1872.

The totem pole at the right of the two just described is very similar to the one last mentioned and was erected in honor of Chief Skowel's nephew.

At the extreme right of the village is a totem erected by Chief Skowel for his daughter. She married a white man and so this pole is surmounted by the American eagle.

Back of and a little to the left of Chief Skowel's house is a totem surmounted by the fog mother and her two children, and below is her husband, the sun.

To the left of Skowel's house is the house of darkness. Next is Chief Sunny Heart's house. It was he who gave the Memorial totem to Governor Brady to be placed in the park at Sitka.

The totems at the extreme left are grave totems. Those who erected these totems were usually first initiated into the "Dog Eaters" fraternity. They first fasted four days. Then they blackened their faces from the mouth and ears down and displaying the bones of a dog would go around from house to house. When they entered a house they would sit awhile and then would arise and go on to the next, preserving perfect silence all the time. Those who were initiated were much respected. They had a very high social standing.

One of the things that Chief Skowel's house was noted for was a great peace dance. The Haidas and the Tsimpsian Indians had had trouble. The Kasaan people were anxious to make peace. Their enemies would not listen, so the Kasaan people said to their enemies, "Come in." Both sides were in their canoes. The Kasaan people had secured two guns. The Tsimpsians had none. When they advanced for the attack, the Kasaan people shot off their guns. This frightened many of the Tsimpsians so much that in jumping backwards they tipped over their canoes. This gave the Kasaan people so great an advantage that they rushed in with their axes and slew so many that the waters were red with blood. The Tsimpsians surrendered and this was followed by the great peace dance.



By permission of J. E. Worden

THE BEAVER TOTEM

Representatives from the opposite sides were lined up opposite each other. Then certain ones from each side would advance to the other side and pick up a chosen representative and carry him bodily back to their side. This one during the whole time the ceremonies were going on was treated like a prince. He was not allowed to walk. He was carried to symbolize the fact that, when anyone from their former enemies might come among them, he would be treated with the utmost respect. Then each side would dance for the other to work up a good feeling. Great feasts were given; and so, in like manner, one ceremony followed another to show that the old-time feuds were forgotten.

Old Kasaan was deserted in the year 1900 for

new Kasaan, where the natives have built up a modern and prosperous village.

Old Kasaan should be made a government

park, and every effort should be put forth to preserve its old totems and buildings as monuments of a past civilization and culture.

The Beaver Totem



HE totem is surmounted with the beaver. This is the story of the beaver and the porcupine referred to in the chapter on the intellectual life of the Thlingets.

Below is the man who fought with the devil fish. This is a legend from the west coast of the Prince of Wales Island. It tells of a house

that was pulled into the water and how the owners devoted themselves to death, jumped into the mouth of the devil-fish and killed it.

Below is Ductut rending the sea lions. The lower figure represents Kayak snaring a sea monster with the sinew of a bird.

This is a modern pole.

The Last of the Fire Builders



OLILOQUY. (The hero of this soliloquy is Tom Gonanisty, one of the old time natives of Alaska. He was one of those strong, faithful

Christian Indians that won not only the respect but the affectionate regard of all who knew him, both White and Indian. Over half of the value of St. Philips Church, Wrangell, Alaska, was contributed by native Indians, and our hero was one who organized and stayed with the volunteer work until the end.

When our Alaska artist, the late Mr. T. J. Richardson, saw him he was so impressed with his character, that he was anxious to paint his picture, and Mr. Gonanisty consented. It may be interesting to know that this was the very last work that Mr. Richardson did. Our hero was accustomed in his later years to put on his old-time robes and lecture to tourists and this was the garb in which he was painted. Mr. Richardson painted the picture specially as a frontpiece for the third edition of Totem Lore, donating it to the work.

The things I wear, the things I do,
Are acted just in play
To show the people how we lived
In times of far away.

With bow and stick I make the fire,
I sing the songs of old,
I dance the dance of peace and war,
And legends old are told.

Those ancient days were great old days

When haughty chiefs did make
Their feasts and men were brave enough
To die for honors sake.

Their songs and dances stirred the heart,
They strove to be correct,
One chief would greet another chief,
With pomp and great respect.

But those old days are parred away,
There came the preacher man,
The merchant; lawyer, and the judge,
And the physician.

The lawyer and the judge did take
Away our laws so old,
The trader brought his better cloths
And them to us he sold.

The preacher man, God's man, "Saplatto"
Did open up the word,
And show to us a better way
Than we before had heard.

Tis all so very good, and still
Many have yet to learn,
The lessons of there days. In them
The wildest feelings burn.

And yet why should I doubt, why fear?
For time with God's free gift
Will teach and strengthen wably wills,
And lives to heaven lift.

The Indian Potlach Dance



THE feast time for the Thlinget Alaska Indian was the same as our Xmas and New Years.

It was then that all the members of the different families gathered in their respective communal houses for their winter resting time.

When a feast was in preparation a runner was sent out notifying the prospective guests, who were always those of the opposite phratry that a feast was in preparation, and then when the feast was prepared, the runner went out and announced that all things were ready.

Where the guests coming from distant villages, they were met on the beach with dancing and singing.

The great drum, which was nothing but a broad thin hewn cedar board, steamed so that it could be bent into the form of a box, with the seams sewed together with sinew, was beaten to send forth its sound of welcome.

A great door was erected in front of the house decorated with the coat of arms of the owner of the house. The guests entered through this door which was a special mark of honor.

Then came the feast and afterwards the distribution of gifts. These gifts however were not really gifts. The giver of the feast took this opportunity to pay his debts. The carpenter's bill for work were there settled. Funeral expenses of departed friends were settled, and all other bills were paid.

If the debts were satisfactorily settled, then it was the guests turn to do their part and their part was to conduct the dance. The chief with all his fellows put on his potlach garments. He with his immediate retainers usually wore Chil-kat blankets. Each dancer entered with his back to the audience dancing as he backed in. The object of this was to display the decorations on the back of the dancing robe.

One after another entered, and took his place in a semi-circle about as minstrels would stand.

Then the chief led out with his dance. The accompanying music is the chief's dance song music and is given as an illustration of hundreds of other songs used by different tribes.

While they sang and danced some usually kept time by beating the floor with their long dancing sticks.

The following is the chief's song of the Toquedi or Grizzley bear tribe of the Tongas people.

In the words given, no effort has been made to give a literal translation of their song. An attempt is made to preserve the spirit in which the song was sung.

The chief steps out of the ranks with usually one of his chief retainers and begins to sing:

Oh, come and see,
Who e're ye be;
Ye men so true
What I here do.

I'll dance and sing
And gladness bring,
And get a name
Of highest fame.

The spirits all,
On them we'll call,
They will appear,
They'll help as here.

Then came the putting on of the special dancing robes. The chief then continued (only a chief, or some one who received permission from the chief, was allowed to sing this song:)

The things, I wear
With utmost care
Are robes of state,
So think me great.

I follow ways
Of ancient days.
So up I go,
I look below.

And see you there
The things I wear,
Are colored bright:
To give delight.

Thus up I go,
I look below.
Down ev'ry where,
I see you there.

After this song, begins the chief's dance, and as he dances, he sings the fourth song:

My hat is filled with feathers rare,
He-he, yo-ho, he-he, yo-ho.
And they are scattered ev'ry where,
He-he, yo-ho, he-he, yo-ho.

As gently as my feathers fall,
He-he, yo-ho, he-he, yo-ho.
May pleasant peace upon the call,
He-he, yo-ho, he-he, yo-ho.

As feathers scattered far and wide
He-he, yo-ho, he-he, yo-ho.
May handsome friends with thee abide
He-he, yo-ho, he-he, yo-ho.

It was therefore considered good luck when
feathers fell in on a man.

After the dancing, the dancers would leave as
they entered.

The third song was the bear tribe's love song.
It is addressed to Miss Raven because a member
of this clan must marry into the Raven phratie.

The song was about as follows:

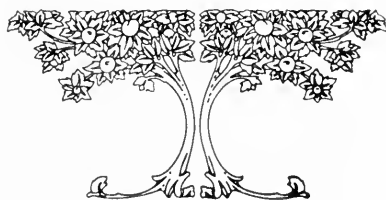
Miss Raven, please make love to me,
I'm sad and lonely you must see.

Take me, don't let me pass by you;
To you I'll be, both good and true.

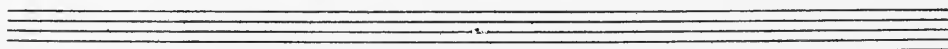
The sun for me does disappear,
When you Miss Raven are not near.

The music on the following pages was sung
by "Dick" Williams, an aged singer and orator
among the Tongas people. The words were in-
terpreted and the meaning of the customs ex-
plained by Mr. Wm. Dickerson who is now a
volunteer interpreter in St. John's Church, Ketchi-
ikan. Mr. Dickinson designed and carved chief
Johnson's pole at Ketchikan, and also a number
of other poles. He is therefore a competent
authority on Indian lore. The music was taken
down and the harmonies were supplied by Mr. T.
J. Pennel who was some time director of the
choir of all Saints Church, Omaha, Nebraska and
is now directing the choir in St. John's Church,
Kechikan.

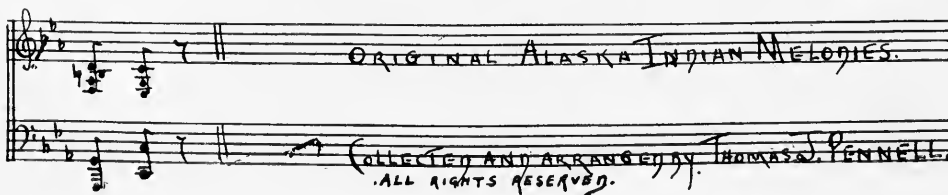
Mr. Pennel is considering the publishing of
instrumental pieces of sheet music founded on
these Indian melodies. It is certainly hoped he
will succeed in doing so.—Editor.



A THLINGET LOVE SONG. "YA HAI YA YA HO YA"



DANCE SONG. AFTER CORONATION CEREMONY. SUNG TO. "EH EH" OR "OO HOO"



ORIGINAL ALASKA INDIAN MELODIES.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY THOMAS J. PENNELL.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

ORIGINAL THS IMPSIAN SONG. "SKAWAN IQUA" LOOK SEE WHAT I AM DOING



CORONATION SONG "DIEM QUOU DELA HA" I AM GOING UP



WRANGELL DRUG CO.

DEALERS IN

Fancy and Staple Goods, Stationery, Notions,
Toilet Articles, Magazines and Periodicals

Fresh Candies—Lowney's
and Society Chocolates.

Cigars—All of the Best
Brands.

INTERIOR VIEW OF STORE



WRANGELL, ALASKA

ALASKA VIEWS, POST CARDS & FOLDERS

"TOTEM LORE OF THE ALASKA INDIANS"

NOTICE

We have some choice Curios: Indian Moccasins, Blankets,
Totems, Specialty of Souvenir Spoons, Nugget Jewelry
and the Finest Carved Ivory in Alaska

THANK YOU

CALL AGAIN

F. MATHESON DEPARTMENT STORE

Tourists will do well to defer their purchases till they reach this store. Curios, being a side line with us, we do not depend on them, and are therefore able to sell at the very lowest prices: Gold Nugget and Torsil Ivory Jewelry, Bracelets, Spoons, Pennants, Cedar Mats, Baskets; Chilkat Blankets, \$35 to \$100; Seal Skin Slippers, fine finish, \$1.25; Seal Skin Fur lined, sewed with sinew, Moccasins, \$3 to \$3.50.



Special line of St. John's Mission School Baskets. These baskets are made from cedar bark, and sell from 1-5 to 2-3 of the corresponding cedar bark baskets.

They are suitable for ladies market baskets, jardinières, scrap baskets, work baskets, card receivers, etc. Any one making a collection should have at least one of the straight weave and one of the twisted weave baskets.

KODAK FILMS AND SUPPLIES AT EASTMAN LIST PRICES

Gasoline launches, guides and camping outfits for side trips up the Stickine river, or to the various glaciers and fishing streams in this interesting neighborhood. Finest big game country on the continent, at head waters of the Stickine river. Information personally or by letter based on many years experience. Raw furs bought and sold: Sables, Mink, Otter and Bear. Buy here and save middle men's profits.

ALASKA CURIO EMPORIUM

BERTHELSEN & PRUEL, PROPRIETORS

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA

To the Tourist, whether you wish to buy or not :

Come and see the largest and best collection of Alaska Curios: Otter Baskets, made from grasses; Spruce Root Baskets, made from split spruce roots; Cedar Bark Baskets, both of the straight and twisted weave; Birch Bark Baskets; Moccasins at usual prices; Ivory Carved Totems, copied after well known historical totems; Slate Totems; Nugget Jewelry of great variety; Carved Ivory Napkin Rings; Carved Turks for cribbage boards; small Wood Totems in great variety; Souvenir Spoons with totemistic designs; Indian Carved Bracelets; Ancient Pots and Kettles; Rattles in Copper, such as Indian doctors used.



A model of an old time Indian house with totem in front and totems as corner posts.

Four very old Indian war knives, belonging at one time to old chief Kasco. The blades are of native copper, and the handles are ornamental with totemistic markings. There are only three or four more of these in Alaska.

Tanned bear rugs.

We are also agents for St. John's Mission School Baskets. These baskets are sold for the benefit of St. John's School. They are all of the cedar bark, both straight and twisted weave. They are suitable for scrap baskets, work baskets, Jardinieres, card receivers, etc.

We have only given a partial catalogue of what you can see in our store. Make our store your headquarters while in Ketchikan. We will be glad to correspond with any, desiring information about Alaska curios. The prices at which we sell our baskets is the same that Indians charge. We make our profit by buying from them in trade.

BERTHELSEN & PRUEL.

SEE ALASKA PROPERLY

STOP ENROUTE AT WRANGELL

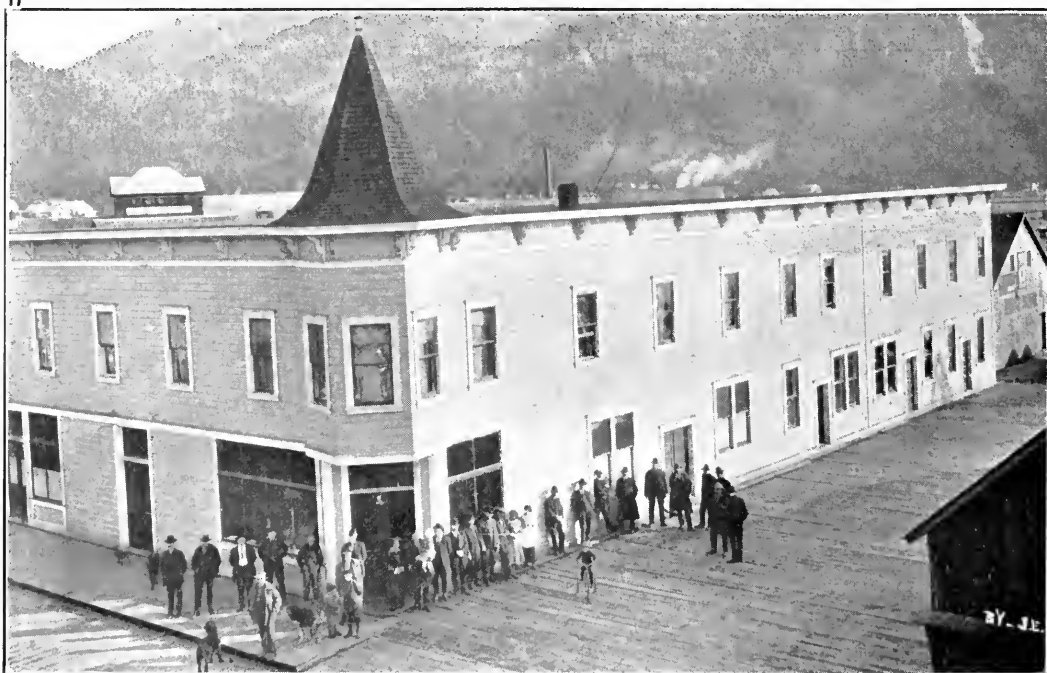
WRANGELL OFFERS

Tour Glaciers within reach by gas boat.

A Sail up the Stickine River. This is better than seeing the Alps.

Fifteen Totem Poles for those interested in Indian Lore.

Deer on the Islands and Big game, Moose, Caribut, Black Bear and Grizzley on the mainland.



Stickine River Flats where the finest of wild foul, ducks, geese, etc., are obtained in larger quantities.

Halibut and Varieties of Cod are in the bay.

Fine Trout Streams are near at hand.

Splendid opportunities for the Artist, Geologist, Botanist and Zoologist to do original work.

WRANGELL HOTEL

J. C. GRANT, PROP.

Is First Class in Every Respect

ITS RATES ARE \$2.50 PER DAY AND UP. SPECIAL RATES BY THE MONTH OR FOR THE SEASON

Mr. Grant will be glad to correspond with interesting parties and will assist chartering suitable gas boats and procuring suitable guides.

THE SIGN OF THE TOTEM

MEANS

KETCHIKANS POST CARD EMPORIUM

L. D. KUBLEY, PROPRIETOR

We carry the most complete assortment of Post Cards, both printed and photographic in Alaska.



COPIES OF WELL KNOWN TOTEM POLES IN IVORY.
 GENUINELY INDIAN SLATE CARVED TOTEM POLES.
 A LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF MOCCASINS.
 A VARIETY OF WOOD CARVED MINIATURE TOTEM POLES.
 CHOICE SPRUCE ROOT INDIAN BASKETS.
 SOUVENIR SPOONS.
 MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

The totem in the cut represents Ductut, the Thlinget Strong. Man, rending the sea lions. The lower figure is that of the woman who took pity on him and gave him food when he was hungry, whom he afterwards married.—Editor.

E. VALENTINE JEWELER

JUNEAN, ALASKA

ALL KINDS OF NUGGET JEWELRY AND OTHER
NOVELTIES

OPTICAL GOODS ——— SOUVENIR SPOONS

RYUS DRUG & JEWELRY CO.

 *Drugs, Jewelry*
Stationery 

PHOTO GOODS ALASKA BOOKS
CANDIES

WHY NOT HAVE AN ALASKA BOOTH AT YOUR CHURCH FAIR?

We supply you with Baskets, Moccasins, Wall Pockets, and Totem
Poles, to be sold on commission.

You take no risk. We allow liberal commissions.

Address,

ST. JOHN'S MISSION SCHOOL,

KETCHIKAN
ALASKA

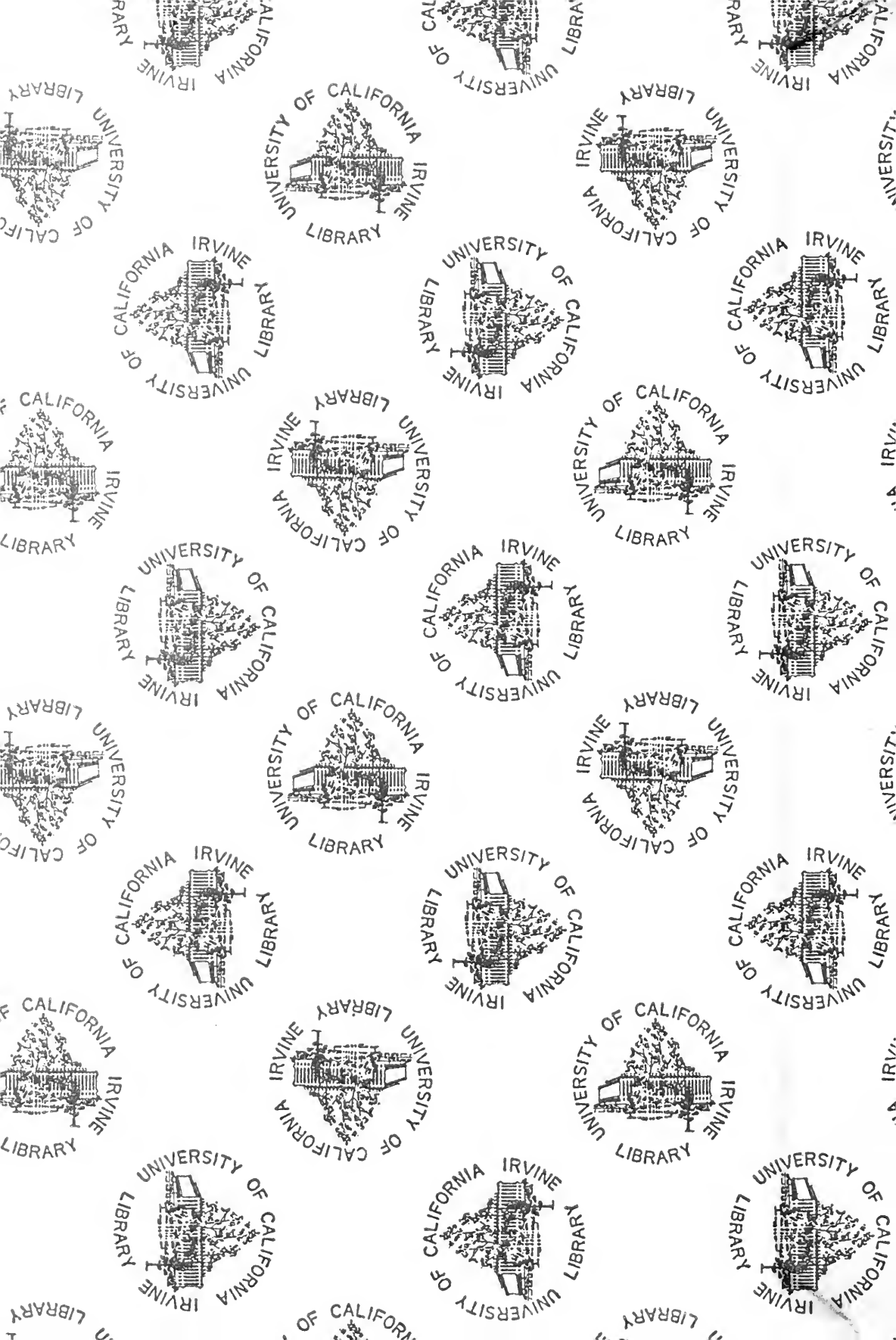
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 633 460 1

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

SEP 30 1994



Unive
Sou
Li